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CHEYENNE KID

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NO. 87
NOV.
CDC

20¢

"THE GUILT of IRON FIST"



By Sam Ham

00095

CHEYENNE KID



EDITOR
SAL GENTILE
STORY
JOE GILL
ART
SAN HO KIM

THE GUILT OF IRON FIST

WHAT COL. IRA K. WILEY SAID TO THE COMANCHE WAR CHIEF WILL NEVER BE KNOWN... BUT EVERY SOLDIER IN FORT CARR SAW IRON FIST SUDDENLY LEAP FOR THE SEVENTH CAVALRY COLONEL AND SMASH HIM TO THE GROUND! IT ALMOST COST IRON FIST HIS LIFE FOR....

HE STRUCK ME,
SERGEANT-MAJOR!
KILL HIM!

YOU
IDIOTS!



NO, IRON FIST!
CAN'T YOU SEE
HE WANTS AN
EXCUSE
TO ATTACK
YOUR PEOPLE!

I ORDER YOU TO
STAND ASIDE, MISTER!

D-1883

CHEYENNE KID Vol. 3, No. 87, November, 1971.

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WHITE WAR CHIEF
SEND WORD TO
MAKE PEACE TALK!
IRON FIST COME
HERE, THEN WHITE
CHIEF SAY BAD
THINGS TO ME!



IT'S A TRAP, IRON
FIST! COLONEL WILEY
NEEDED YOU INTO
HITTING HIM...
SO HIS AIDE
COULD SHOOT
YOU!

YUH'RE MY PRISONER,
IRON FIST! YUH'LL BE
TRIED BY A MILITARY
COURT-MARTIAL AT
FORT CARR!



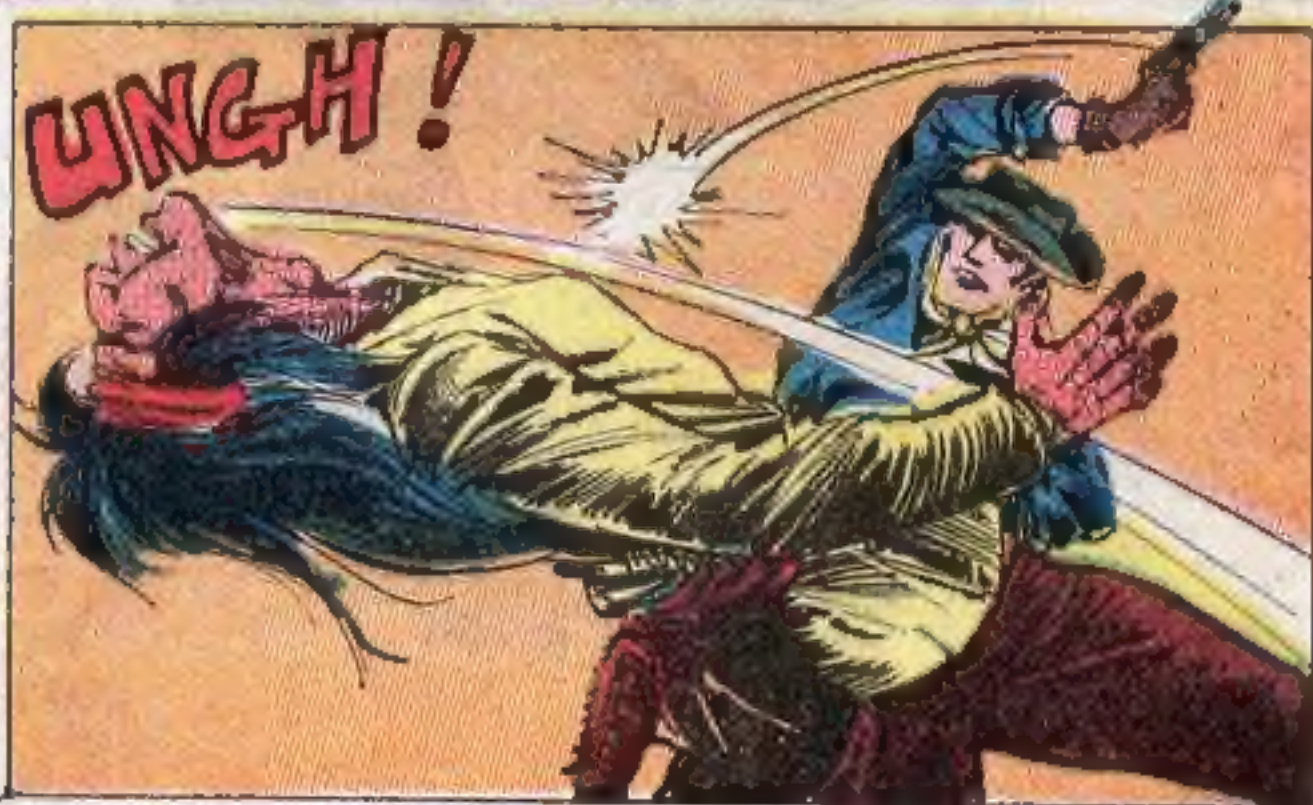
COL. WILEY WAS BLAZING MAD AT THE CHEYENNE KID.... AND SO WAS
IRON FIST! SUDDENLY, THE COMANCHE LEAPED FOR CHEYENNE.

YOU IDIOT...
THIS ISN'T THE
WAY I PLANNED
IT!

I KILL!

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE,
MISTER! PULL THAT
TRIGGER!

STAND ASIDE,
CHEYENNE, I...



IRON FIST IS MY PRISONER,
COLONEL!
IF ANYONE TRIES TO
GET AT HIM, HE'LL HAVE
TO GET ME FIRST!

CHEYENNE, YOU DISOBEYED MY DIRECT
ORDER BUT I'M NOT CHARGING YOU WITH
THAT NOW! I'LL GET YOU IN MY OWN
GOOD TIME... AFTER I TAKE CARE OF
IRON FIST AND HIS
REBELLIOUS WARRIORS!



ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE FORT, FIFTY-TWO COMANCHE WARRIORS WATCH THEIR WAR CHIEF BEING TAKEN INTO THE FORT? THEY HAD SEEN THE CHEYENNE KID SMASH HIM TO THE GROUND... AND THE YOUNGER HOTHEAD WANTED TO RACE DOWN TO HIS RESCUE....

ARE WE COMANCHE WARRIORS OR SQUAWS! DO WE NOT FIGHT FOR OUR WAR CHIEF?

FOOL! IF ALL OF US RODE FAST, WE WOULD REACH THE GATES OF THE FORT TOO LATE TO RESCUE IRON FIST...



.... BUT THERE WE WOULD MEET THE ANGEL OF DEATH WHO WOULD TAKE US TO THE PLACE OF OUR FATHERS IN THE SKY!

WE WILL FIGHT..... BUT WE WILL FIGHT WISELY!

INSIDE THE FORT, THE SEVENTH CAVALRY GROWLED AND CURSED THE INDIAN.... THEY'D SEEN HIM STRIKE DOWN THEIR COMMANDING OFFICER!



I'LL BREAK HIS HEATHEN NECK FER...

UNNGGHH!

STAND BACK, YOU BAD SOLDIER!

I HAVE NO ORDERS FROM COLONEL WILEY ABOUT THIS INDIAN!

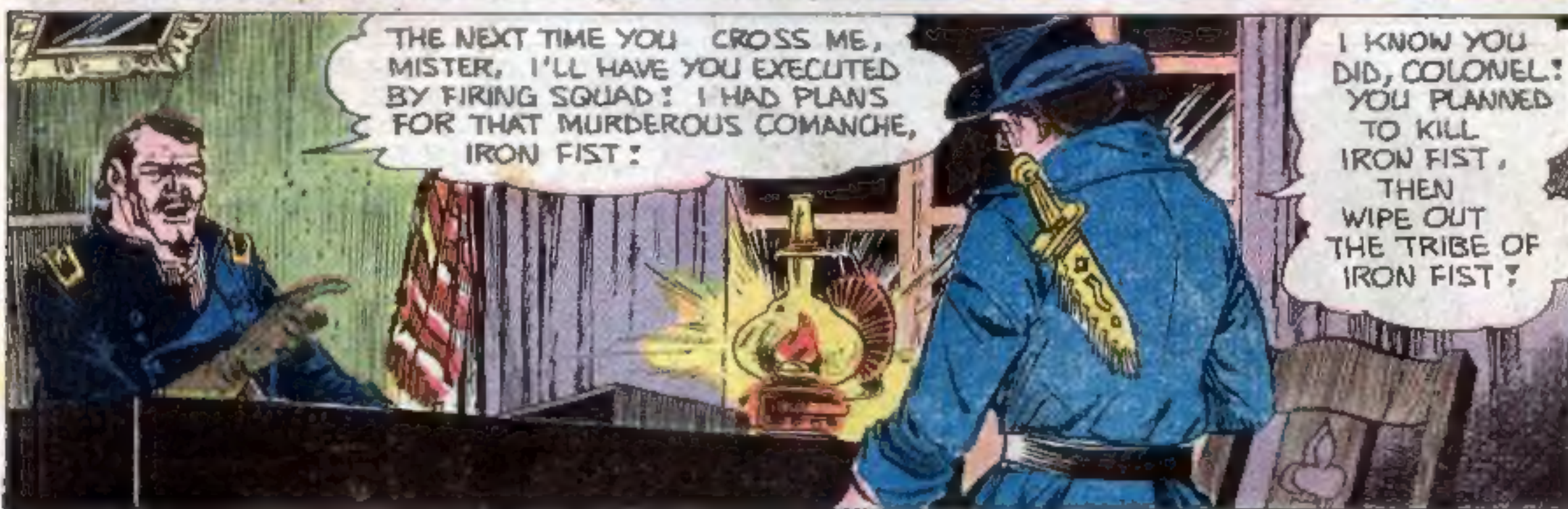
LIEUTENANT, HE STRUCK THE COLONEL! YOUR COMMANDER WILL HAVE TO COURT-MARTIAL HIM! THERE ARE TWO HUNDRED WITNESSES!





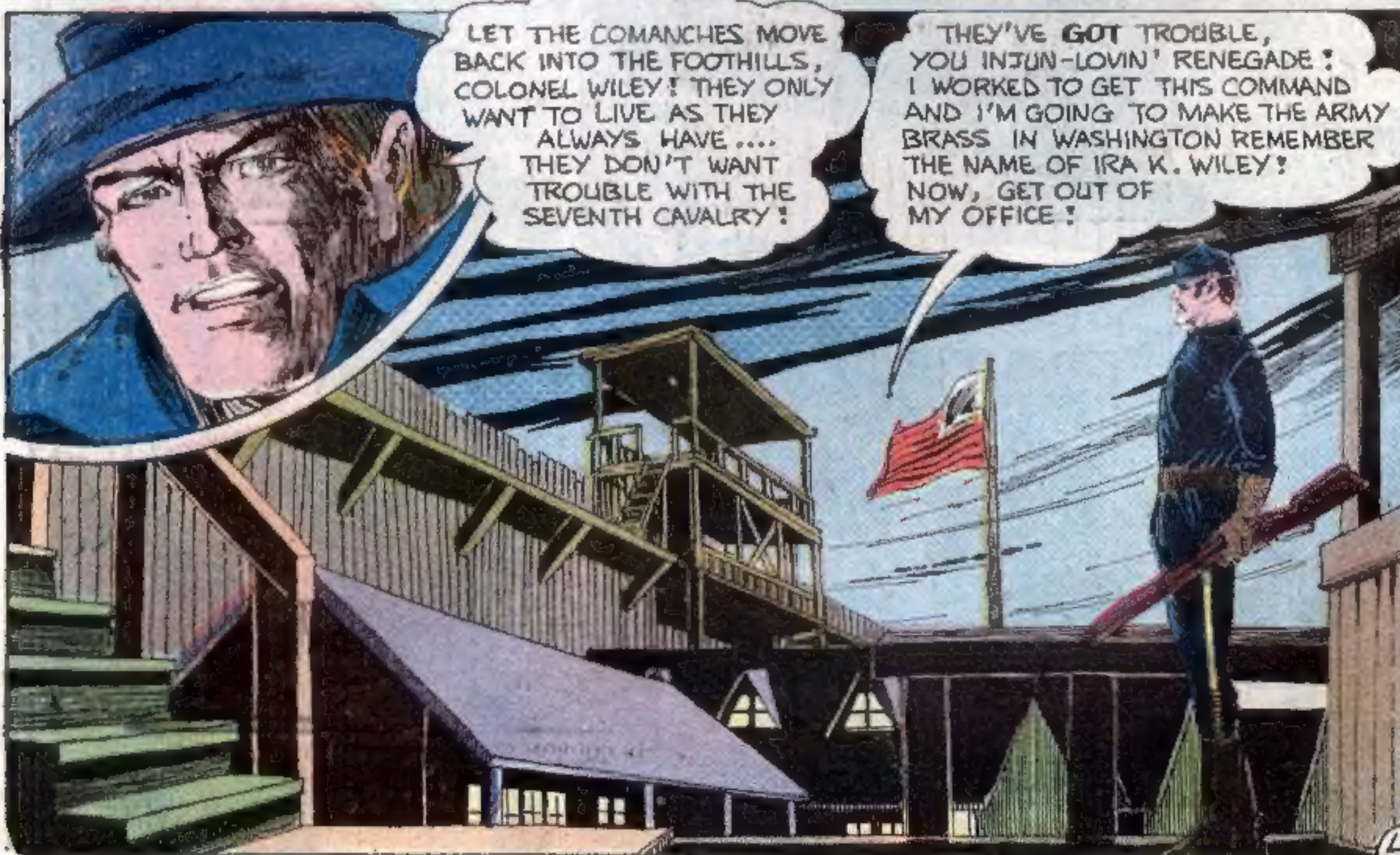
COLONEL WILEY WANTS YOU IN HIS OFFICE RIGHT NOW, CHEYENNE! IF YOU DON'T OBEY PROMPTLY I'D BE PROUD TO SHOOT YOU LIKE A DOG!

YOU'RE A GREAT ONE FOR SHOOTING PEOPLE, AREN'T YOU, SERGEANT-MAJOR MOELLER?



THE NEXT TIME YOU CROSS ME, MISTER, I'LL HAVE YOU EXECUTED BY FIRING SQUAD! I HAD PLANS FOR THAT MURDEROUS COMANCHE, IRON FIST!

I KNOW YOU DID, COLONEL! YOU PLANNED TO KILL IRON FIST, THEN WIPE OUT THE TRIBE OF IRON FIST!



LET THE COMANCHES MOVE BACK INTO THE FOOTHILLS, COLONEL WILEY! THEY ONLY WANT TO LIVE AS THEY ALWAYS HAVE THEY DON'T WANT TROUBLE WITH THE SEVENTH CAVALRY!

THEY'VE GOT TROUBLE, YOU INTJUN-LOVIN' RENEGADE! I WORKED TO GET THIS COMMAND AND I'M GOING TO MAKE THE ARMY BRASS IN WASHINGTON REMEMBER THE NAME OF IRA K. WILEY! NOW, GET OUT OF MY OFFICE!

EVERY MAN IN THE SEVENTH CAVALRY KNEW THEIR C.O. WAS GOING TO TAKE THEM INTO AN INDIAN WAR

CLEAN YOUR WEAPONS AND DRAW FIFTY ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION EACH! BE READY TO RIDE AT SUN-UP! THE COLONEL'S GONNA WIPE THEM COMANCHES OUT FER GOOD!

I DUNNO WHY WILEY WANTS TA START TROUBLE! WE'RE S'SPOSED TA KEEP PEACE HERE!

I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK AROUND!

WILEY'S INSANE... HE'S GONNA USE IRON FIST TO TRIGGER AN INJUN WAR! HALF OF THE MEN IN THIS BARRACKS WON'T BE ALIVE A MONTH FROM NOW IF HE DOES!

IN THE DARKNESS NEAR THE GUARD HOUSE WHERE IRON FIST WAS HELD, THERE WERE NO SENTRIES A VERY UNUSUAL THING!

SSSSTT! IRON FIST! I'M SETTIN' YOU FREE! PONY'S READY JUST OUTSIDE THE MAIN GATE AND THE GATE IS OPEN!

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR'S LETTIN' IRON FIST GO? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



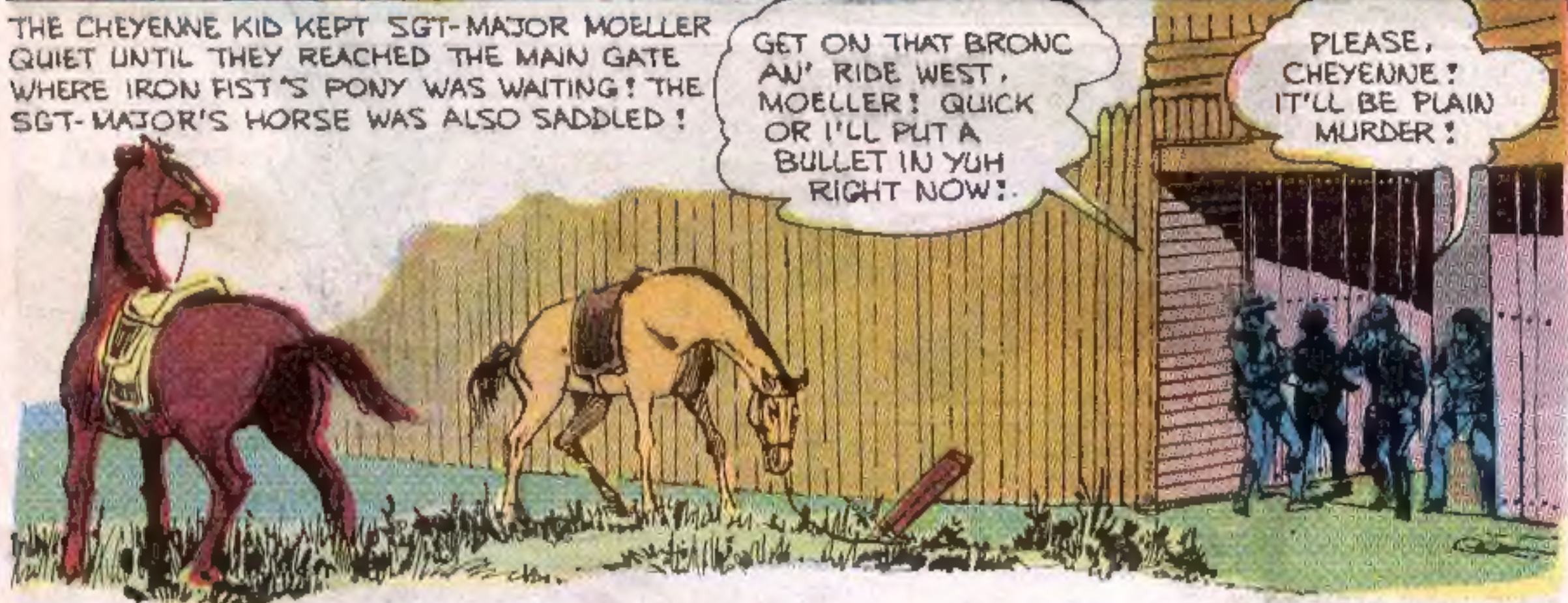
WHITE CHIEF SAY
LET IRON FIST GO?

THAT'S RIGHT,
IRON FIST!
COLONEL WILEY
WANTS YOU TO LEAD
YOUR PEOPLE INTO
THE BLACK HILLS!
HE DOESN'T
WANT TROUBLE!



TAKE
HIS GUN,
IRON FIST!
ONE MOVE,
MOELLER,
AND
YOU'RE
DEAD!

YOU'LL PAY
FOR THIS,
CHEYENNE!
THIS IS THE SECOND
TIME YOU GOT IN
COLONEL
WILEY'S WAY!



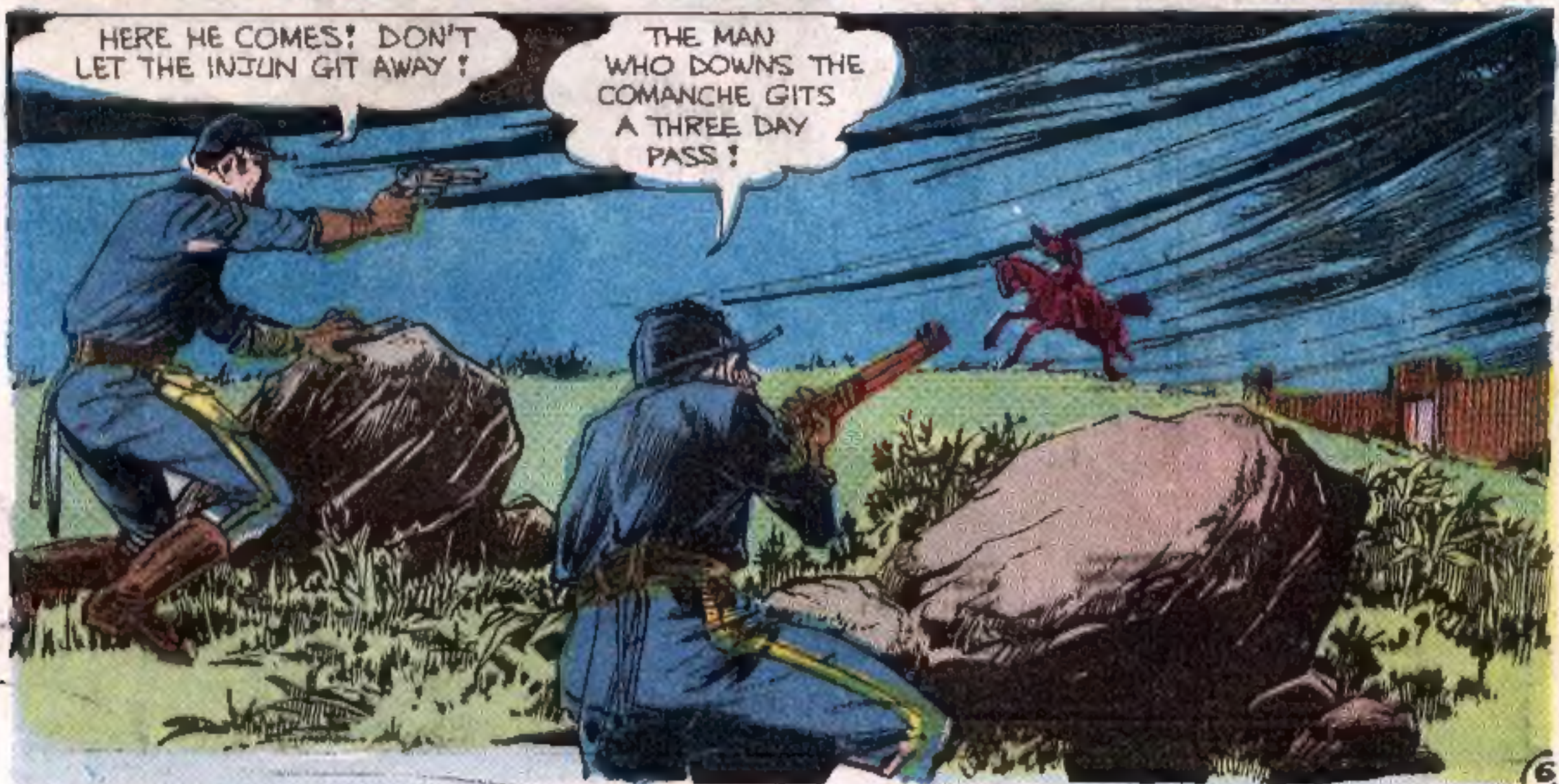
THE CHEYENNE KID KEPT SGT-MAJOR MOELLER
QUIET UNTIL THEY REACHED THE MAIN GATE
WHERE IRON FIST'S PONY WAS WAITING! THE
SGT-MAJOR'S HORSE WAS ALSO SADDLED!

GET ON THAT BRONC
AN' RIDE WEST,
MOELLER! QUICK
OR I'LL PUT A
BULLET IN YUH
RIGHT NOW!

PLEASE,
CHEYENNE!
IT'LL BE PLAIN
MURDER!



GIDDAP!



HERE HE COMES! DON'T
LET THE INJUN GIT AWAY!

THE MAN
WHO DOWNS THE
COMANCHE GETS
A THREE DAY
PASS!

HOLD YOUR FIRE,
IT'S ME, SERGEANT...
UNGH!

BLAM BAM!

GOT HI...
IT'S
MOELLER!

COME ON,
IRON FIST....
LEAD YORE PONY
ALONG
THE WALL!

WHAT WHITE
CHIEF WANTS IS
VERY BAD,
CHEYENNE
COUSIN!

MANY OF
HIS MEN WILL
DIE IF HE
FORCES WAR ON
COMANCHES!

HE
DOESN'T
CARE,
IRON CHIEF!

THE COMANCHES WERE ALL AROUND FORT CARR!
NOT JUST FIFTY-TWO COMANCHES IN THE BAND OF
IRON FIST... BUT MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED,
BLACK FOOT WARRIORS AND SOME SIOUX TRIBESMEN!

WE HAVE BEEN TOLD
OF THE WHITE WAR CHIEF
WHO WANTS TO KILL ALL
INDIANS! WE MUST
DESTROY HIM FIRST!

SHARP AX, CHIEF OF THE
BLACK FOOT, IS A MIGHTY
WARRIOR BUT HE IS WRONG
NOW! INSIDE THE FORT
THERE IS A NEW GUN.... IT
FIRES FASTER THAN
RAINDROPS FALL IN A
SPRING STORM!



NEVER WILL WE HAVE THE CHANCE TO WIPE OUT THE YELLOW-LEG SOLDIERS AGAIN! I SAY ATTACK THE FORT AT SUN-UP!

IF THEY DO, I'LL BE BLAMED FOR SETTING IRON FIST FREE! I'VE GOT TO WARN THE FORT...

WIND'S STRONGER... THE PRAIRIE GRASS IS DRY!

RIDING UPWIND WITH THE HORDE OF INDIANS BETWEEN HIM AND FORT CARR, THE CHEYENNE KID RODE A HALF MILE AND THEN



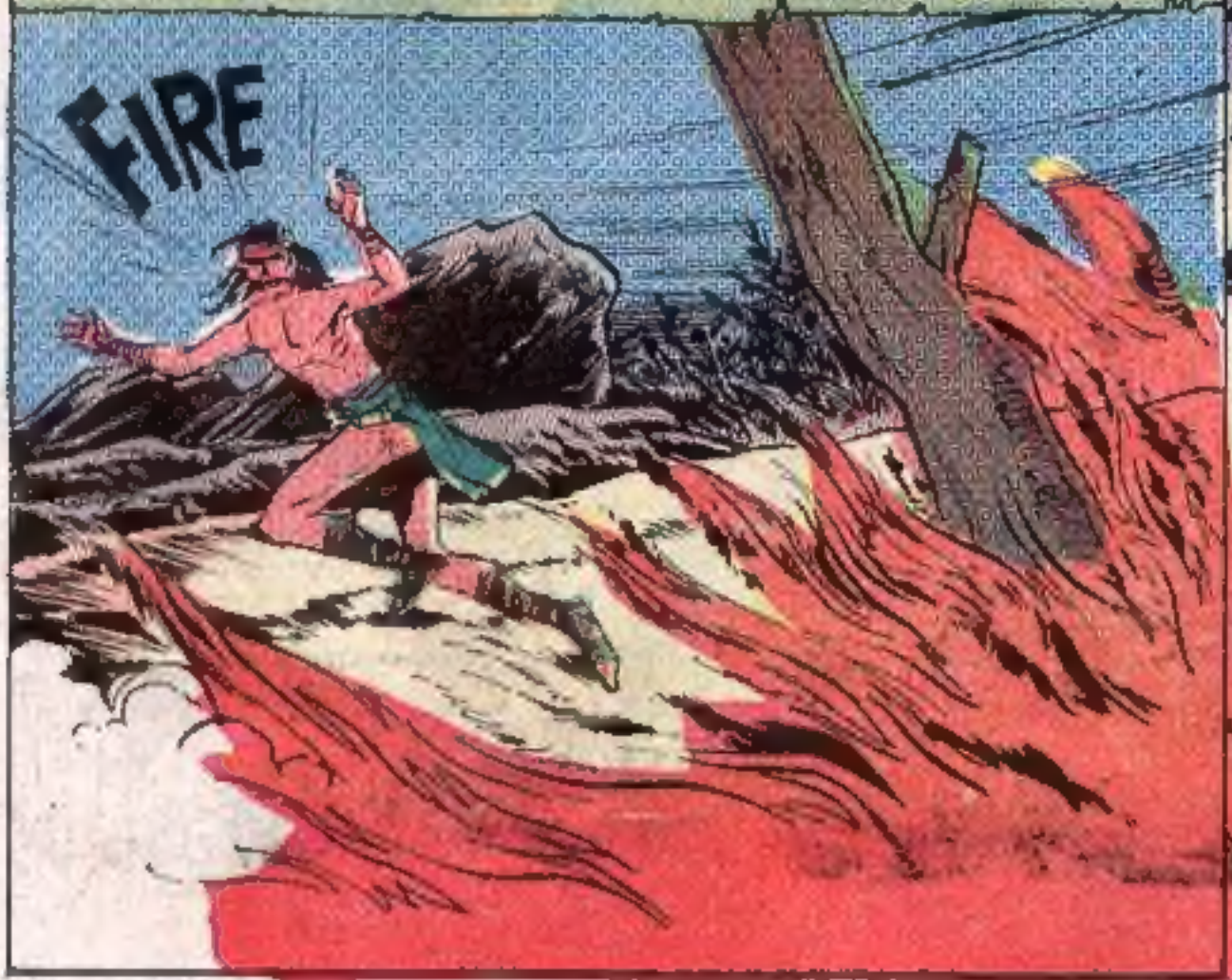
THIS DRIED BRUSH WILL BURN HOT AND FAST... I'LL DRAG IT BEHIND THE HORSE I'LL FIRE THE WHOLE PRAIRIE!

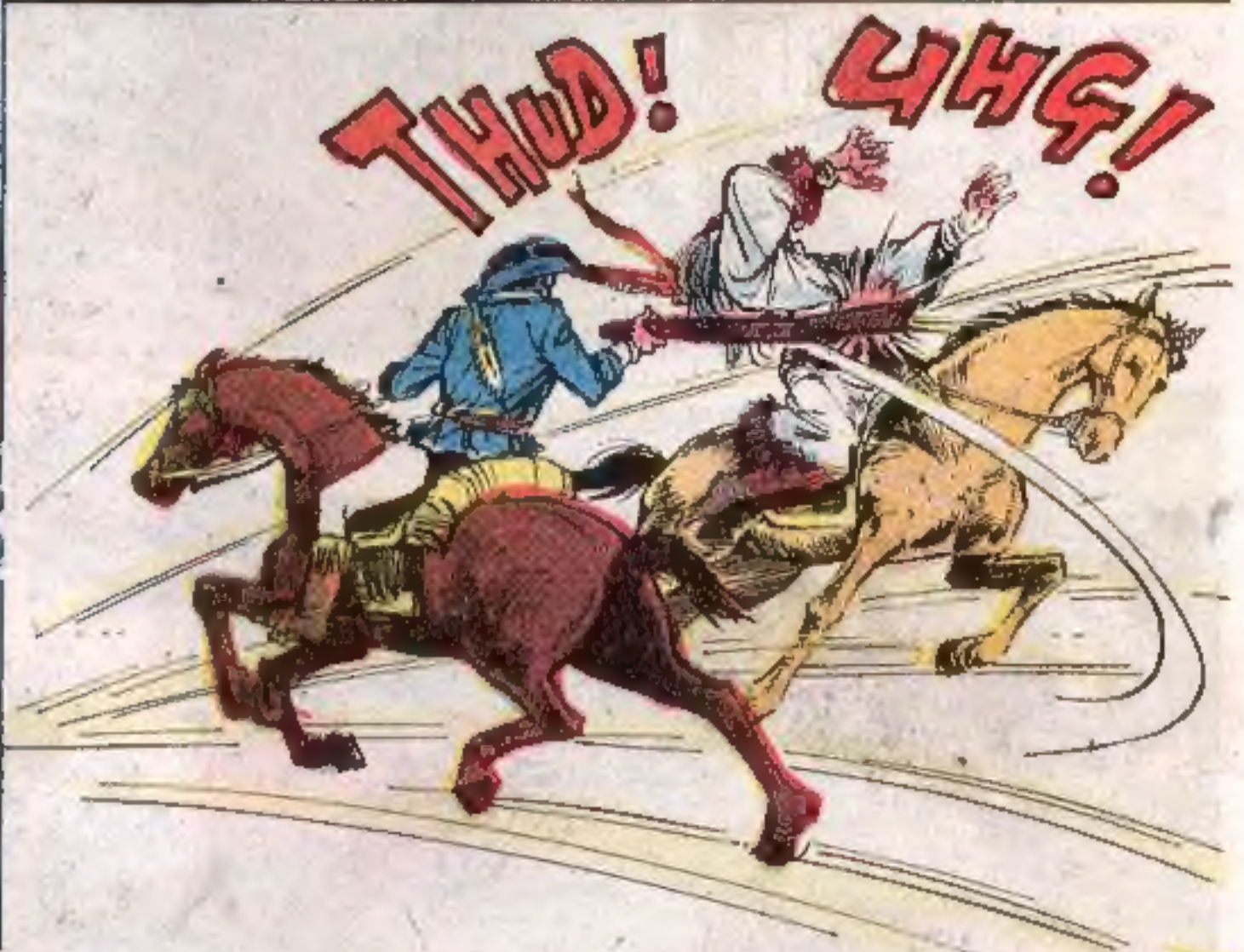
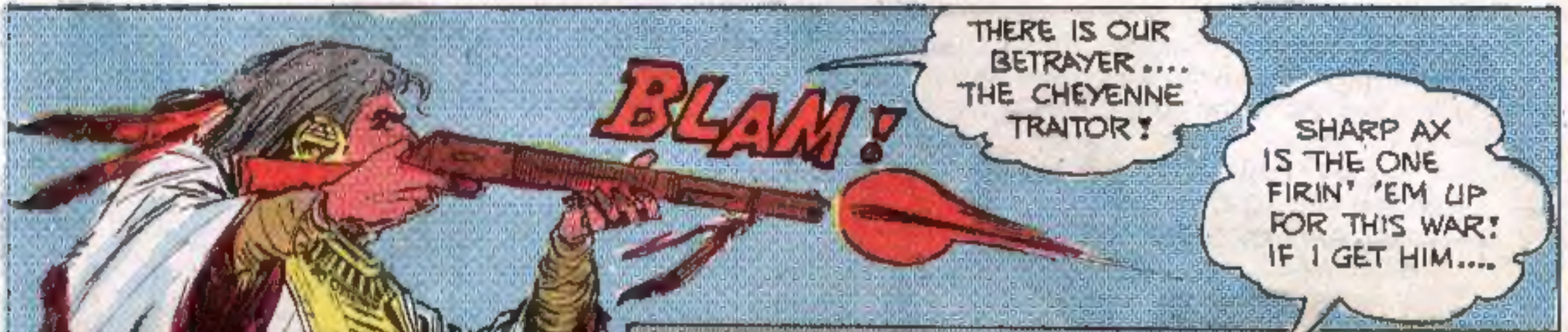
I'M CAUGHT IN MY OWN TRAP!



IT'S WORKIN'... NOW IF THE WIND ONLY HOLDS!

THE INDIANS WERE LISTENING TO SHARP AX'S SHOUTS OF WAR... THEY WATCHED THE FORT FOR TROUBLE... NONE NOTICED THE RAGING PRAIRIE FIRE BEHIND THEM UNTIL

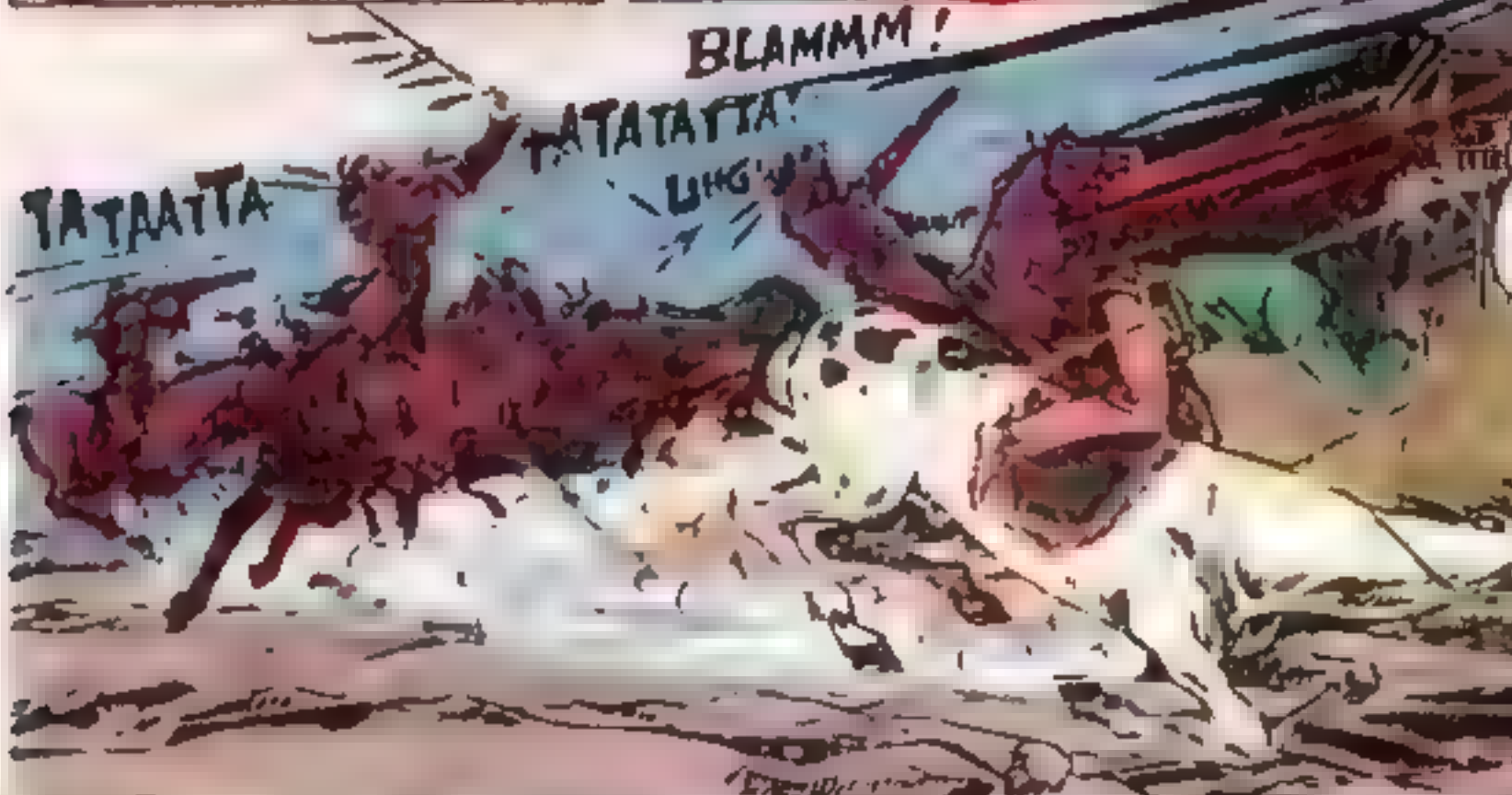




THE MEN INSIDE THE FORT HEARD THE CHEYENNE KID AND THEY HEARD THEIR COMMANDING OFFICER! SOME OF THEM KNEW WILEY WOULD NOT HESITATE TO KILL THEM ALL TO GET PERSONAL GLORY! ONE OF THOSE WHO KNEW THIS ACTED ON HIS KNOWLEDGE AND DROPPED A 100 POUND BAG OF SAND FROM THE GARRISON WALL

HURRY WITH THAT GUN, CAPTAIN! THE PRAIRIE FIRE IS GOING TO DRIVE THEM TO ATTACK RIGHT NOW!

THE GATLING GUN WAS UP IN A MINUTE THE GATES WERE OPENED WIDE JUST AS THE INDIANS CAME SCREAMING TO ATTACK! WITH THE FIRE BEHIND THEM, THE GUNNERS HAD PERFECT TARGETS



FIRE OVER THEIR HEADS NOW! THEY'RE GOING TO TURN BACK THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THE GATLING GUN!

THEY'RE RUNNIN'! WE'VE BEATEN THEM OFF, BOYS!

NEXT MORNING

YOU DID IT, CHEYENNE, ROBBED ME OF MY OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A REPUTATION! I'D WRITE CHARGES AGAINST YOU BUT THE MEN IN THIS FORT THINK YOU'RE A HERO!

THEY THINK YOU'RE SOMETHING TOO, WILEY BUT I'M NOT SAYIN' WHAT IT IS!

WILL THEY GET THROUGH TO ST. JOSEPH, CHEYENNE?

PROBABLY, MAJOR! THE INJUNS ARE DEEP IN THE BLACK HILLS NOW! THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH BLOODSHED TO LAST 'EM AWHILE!

THE END

WANDER

WANDER, LOST IN SPACE, FOUND EARTH BY ACCIDENT...WHEN HIS SPACE SHIP CRASHED ON OUR PLANET! THERE WAS NO WAY HE COULD REPAIR HIS VEHICLE...AND THE CELESTIAL VISITOR WAS FORCED TO BEGIN A NEW LIFE AMONG MEN! HE FOUND SOME FRIENDS...NAMELY, JEB DOOLEY AND PROFESSOR PHINEAST. BLOAT....BUT HE FOUND MANY MORE ENEMIES...MEN LIKE FAST FRANKIE AND BOOT HILL BART!

OUTLAWS! REVENGE!

NOW, BART!
HE'S HELPLESS!

POW

THEM BACKSHOOTIN' BUZZARDS
CAUGHT FRIEND WANDER 'THOUT
HIS WHIP! LOOKS LIKE TRAIL'S
END FER SHORE!

H.M.E.

THEY CAN'T
KEEP ON
MISSING!!

MY POSITRONIC WHIP
EMITS A HEAT RAY....
WHICH CAUSES THEIR GUNS
TO BECOME GIZZLING HOT
IN THEIR BLISTERED PAWS!

I KNEW YOU WERE APPREHENSIVE, PHINEAS, BUT YOU HAD NAUGHT NEED FOR WORRY! I WAS EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY!



IT WASN'T JUST THOSE TWO ASSASSINS WHO CONCERNED ME, FRIEND WANDER....



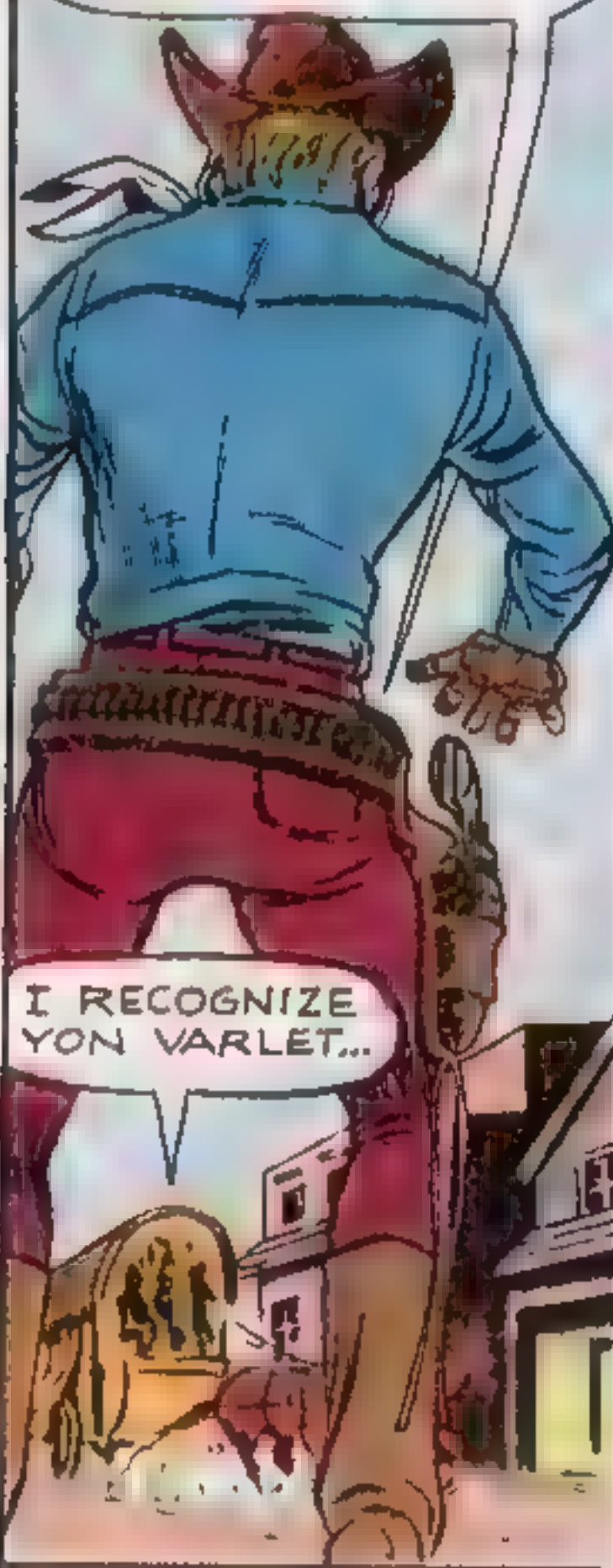
...IT'S THE OTHERS IN YON DEN OF INIQUITY WHICH AROUSE MY FEAR!



LET US HASTEN TO YON HILL, THEN... FOR CONFLICT IS ALWAYS TO BE AVOIDED!



WANDER, LOOK OUTSIDE THE SALOON! IT'S....



I RECOGNIZE YON VARLET...

'TIS DEADLY DAN IN THE VERY FLESH!



HEH HEH HEH! THEY THINK THEY CAN ESCAPE TO THE HILLS THEY'RE FALLING INTO MY TRAP!

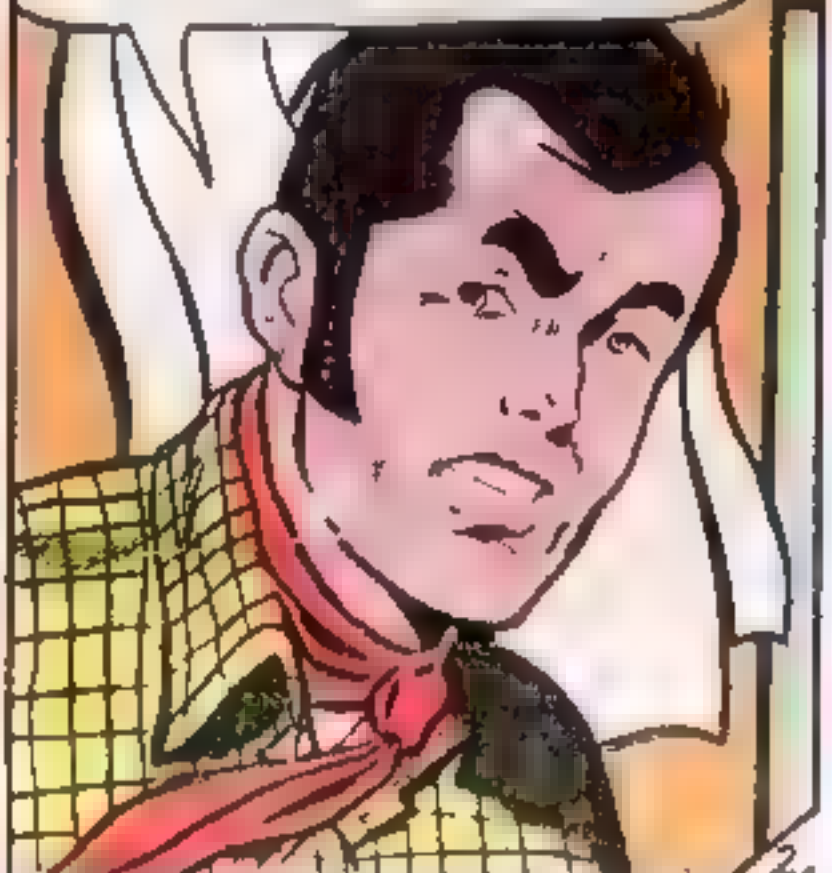


* IF YOU DON'T DIG WANDER'S FUNNY WAY OF TALKING IT'S BECAUSE HE LEARNED HIS ENGLISH BACK IN THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE WHEN HE FIRST LANDED ON THIS PRIMITIVE ISLAND IN SPACE!

I RECKON WE BE SAFE NOW, WANDER!



OUR DEPARTURE WAS UNHINDERED WHICH CAUSES SUSPICION TO TAKE SHAPE!

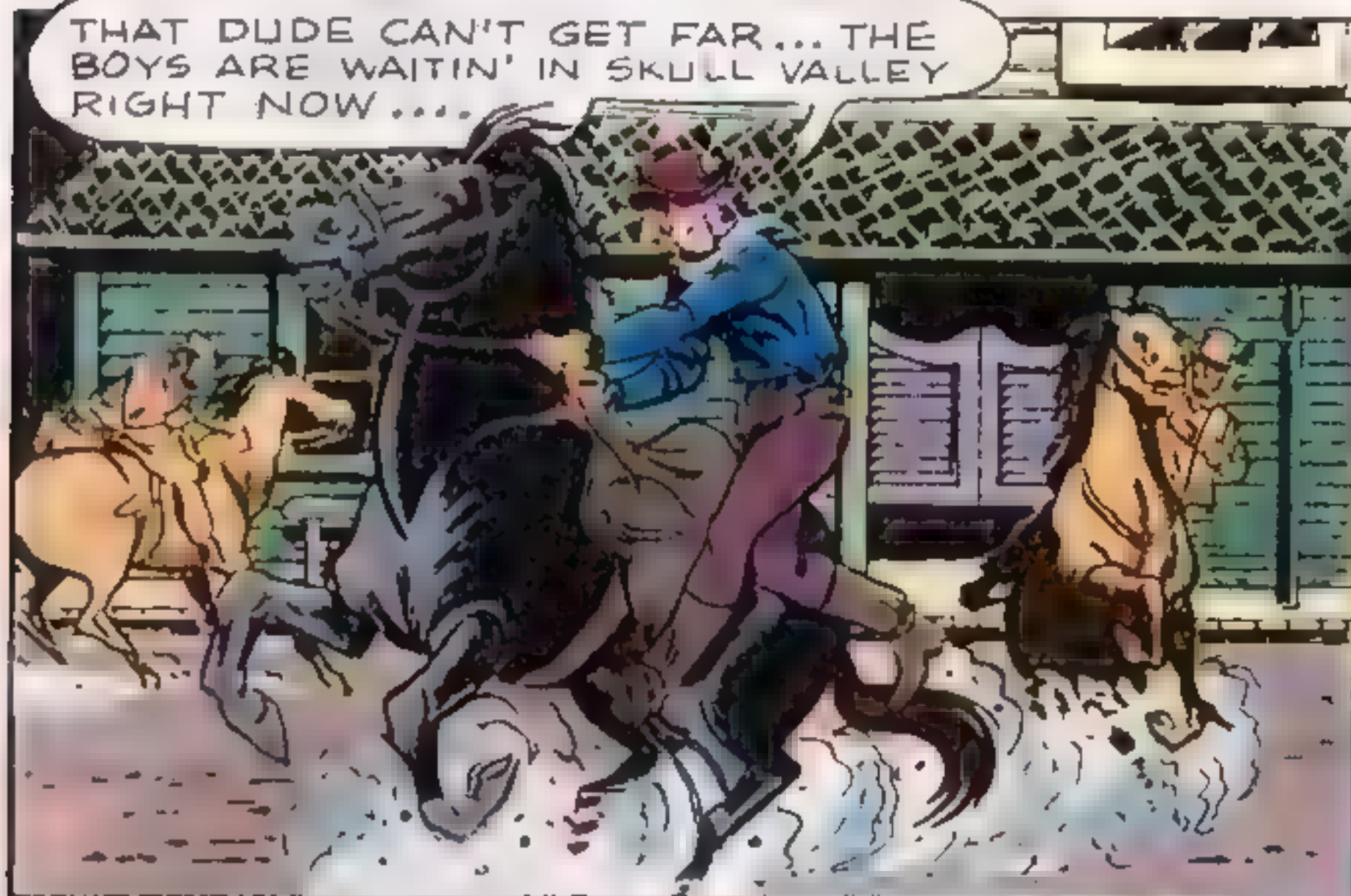


CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

AT THE SALOON, DEADLY DAN AND HIS DIABOLICAL COMRADES RACE FOR THEIR STOLEN BRONCS....

THAT DUDE CAN'T GET FAR... THE BOYS ARE WAITIN' IN SKULL VALLEY RIGHT NOW....

... THE MOST PERFECT PLACE FOR AN AMBUSH IN THE TERRITORY! THIS TIME WE WON'T MISS!



READY, DEUCE!

WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, REINSMAN... SWERVE TO THE RIGHT!

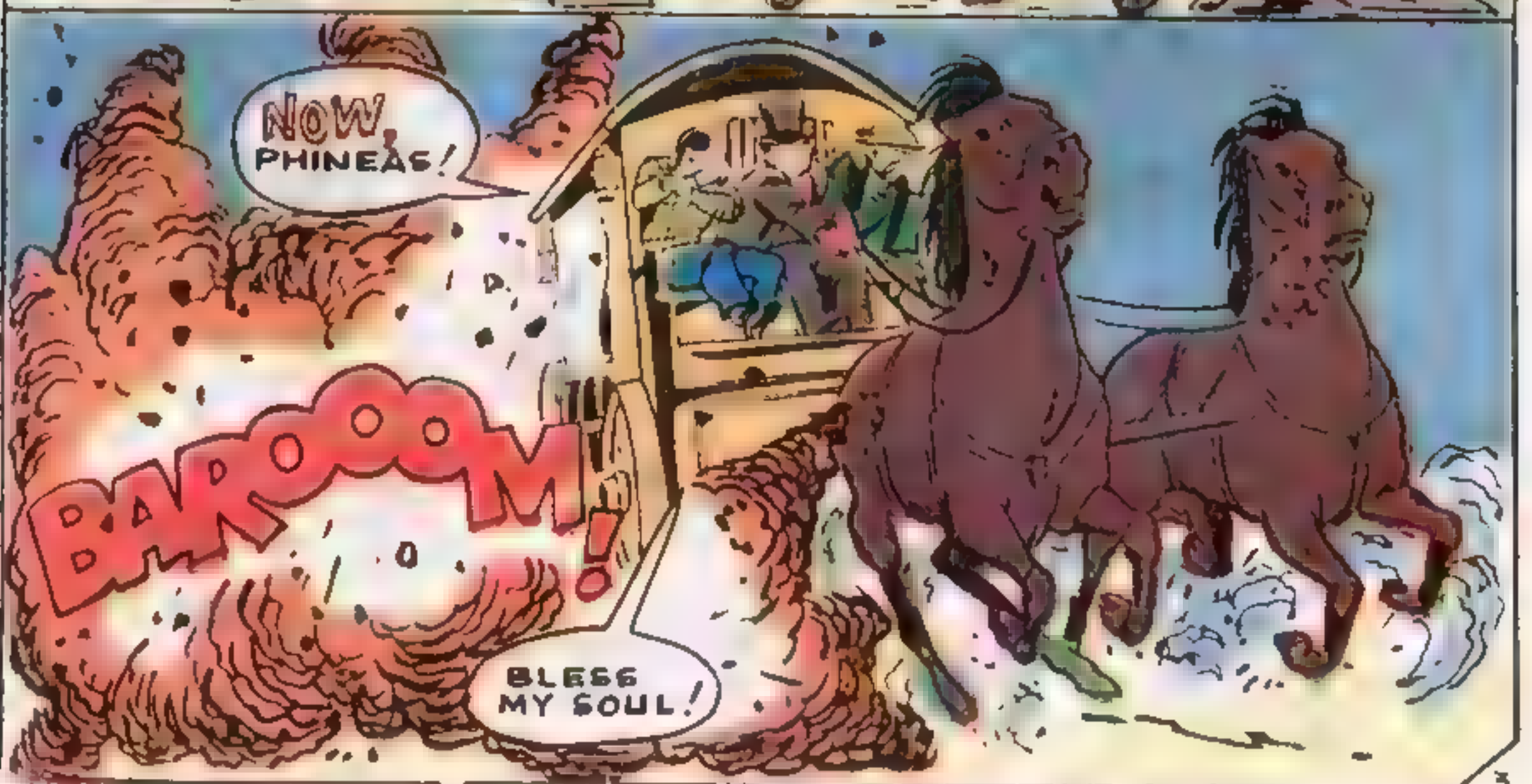


IN THE THREE UNSUSPECTING CHAMPIONS OF MAN'S VIRTUE (GOOD GLYS, SEE) RACED INTO SKULL VALLEY SOME BADDIES LIE WAITING BESIDE THE ROAD WITH... YES... **DYNAMITE!**

NOW, PHINEAS!

BOOOOM!

BLESS MY SOUL!



HOLD IT, CHIEF!
THEM THREE
GALLOOTS IS IN
THE TRAP.... WE
C'N FINISH 'EM
OFF EASY!



WANDER! THERE
IS NO EXIT FROM
THIS POCKET IN
HADES!

I PERCEIVE
THE TRUTH IN
WHAT YOU SAY,
PHINEAS!

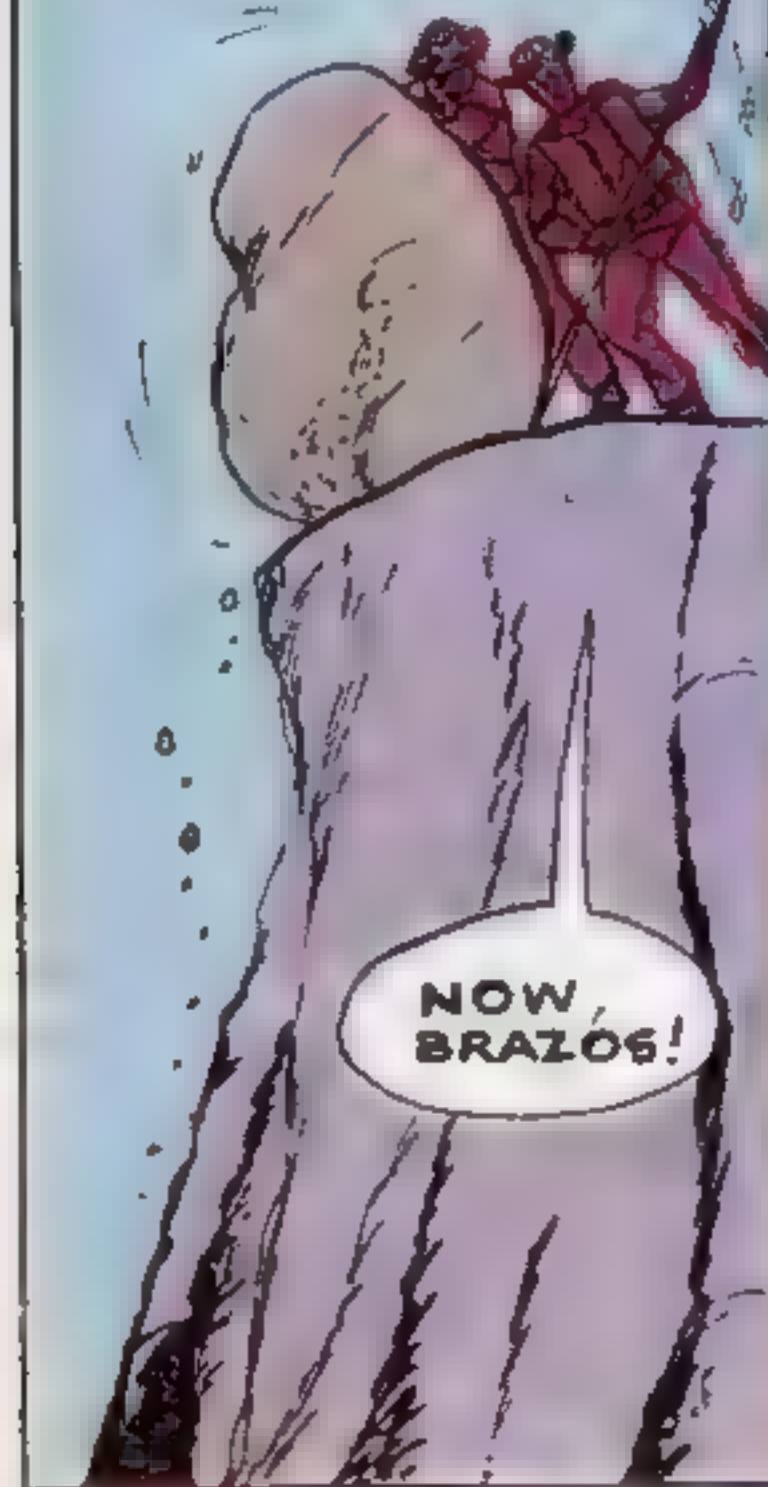


THIS MAY WELL
BE THE END OF
OUR MORTAL
JOURNEY!



STAY A BIT!
THIS CANYON
IS FAMILIAR...
WE HAVE BEEN
HERE BEFORE!

HOWEVER, BEFORE
PHINEAS OR JEB
CAN AFFIRM THIS
OBSERVATION,
DISASTER STRIKES!

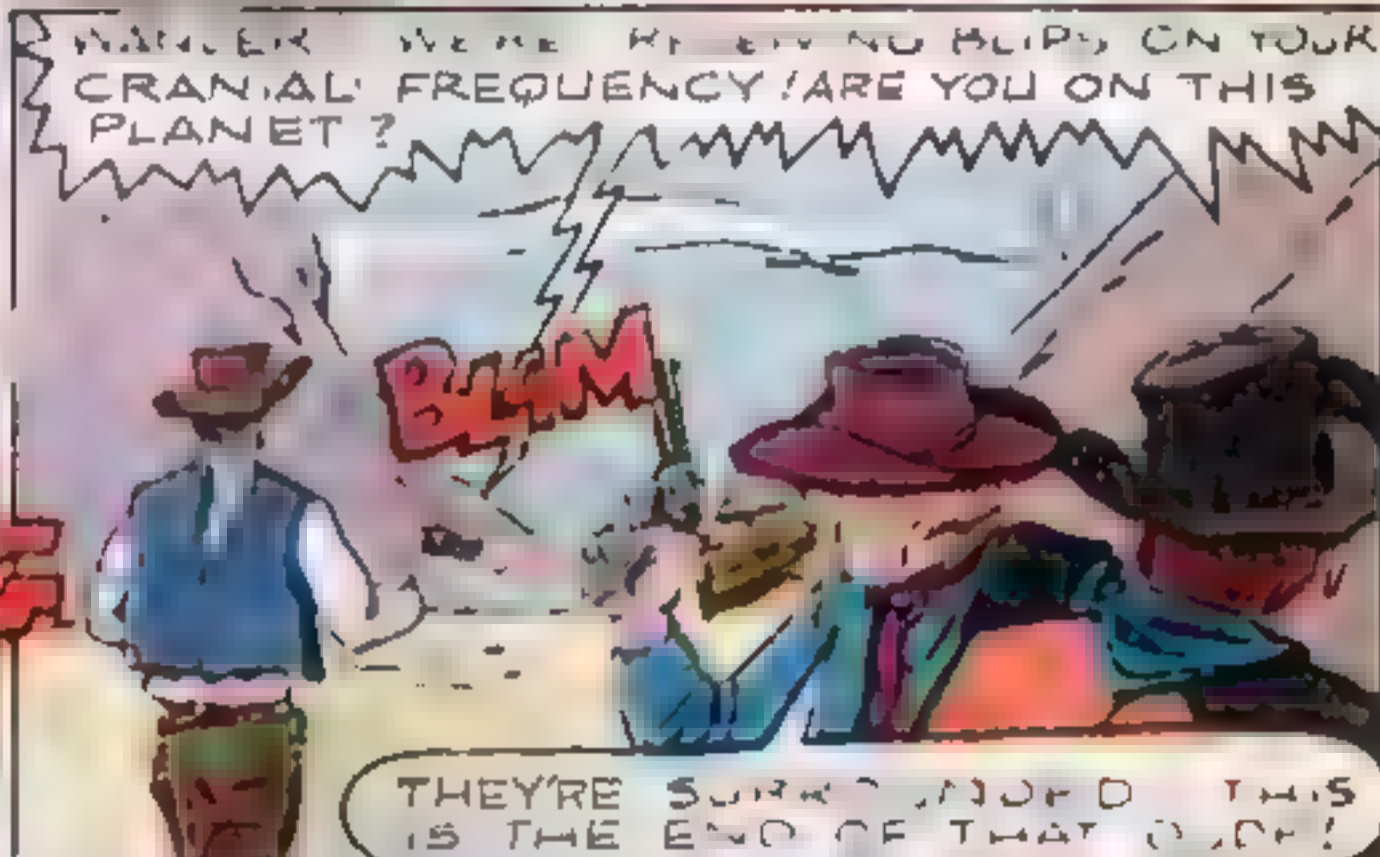
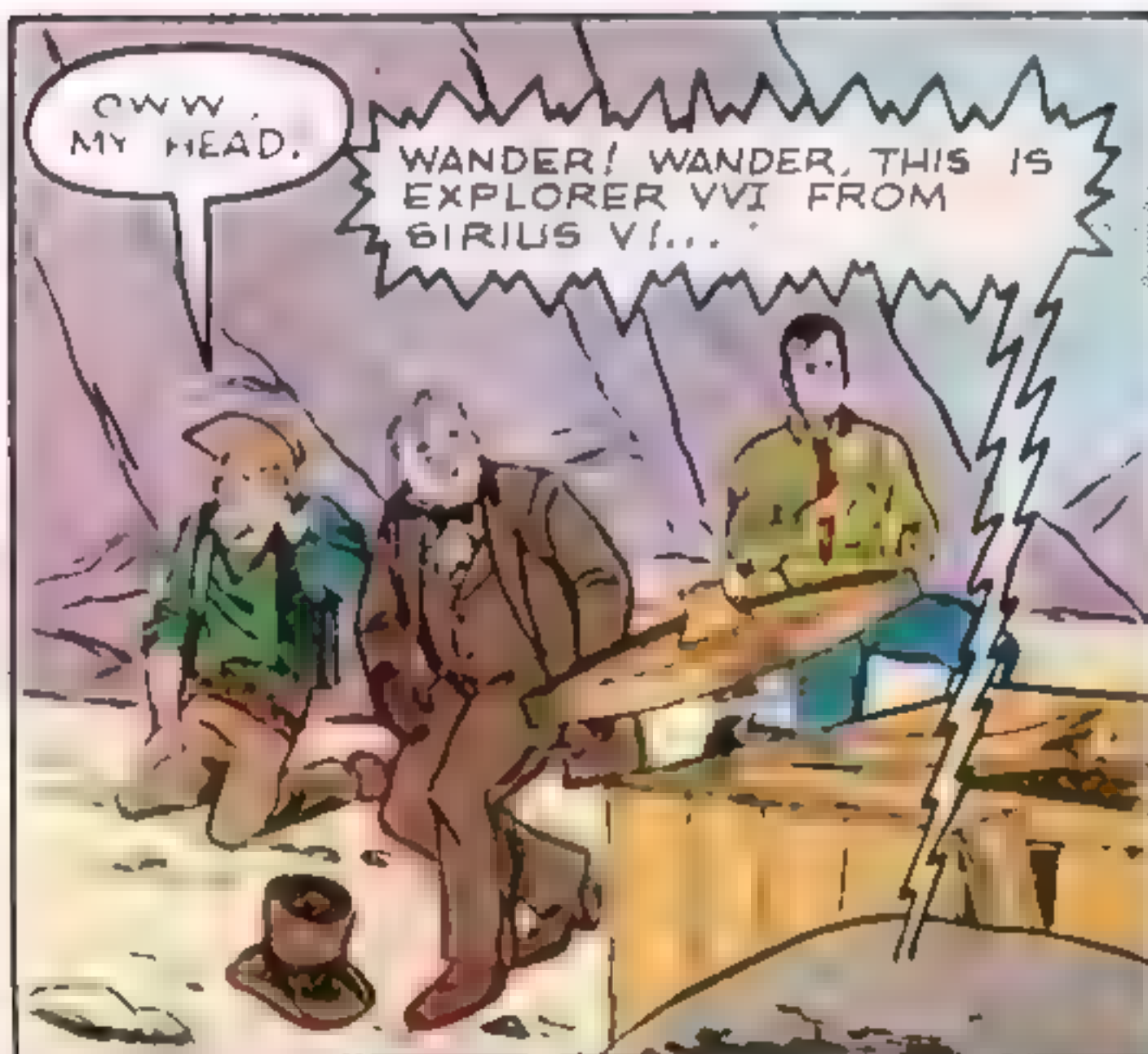


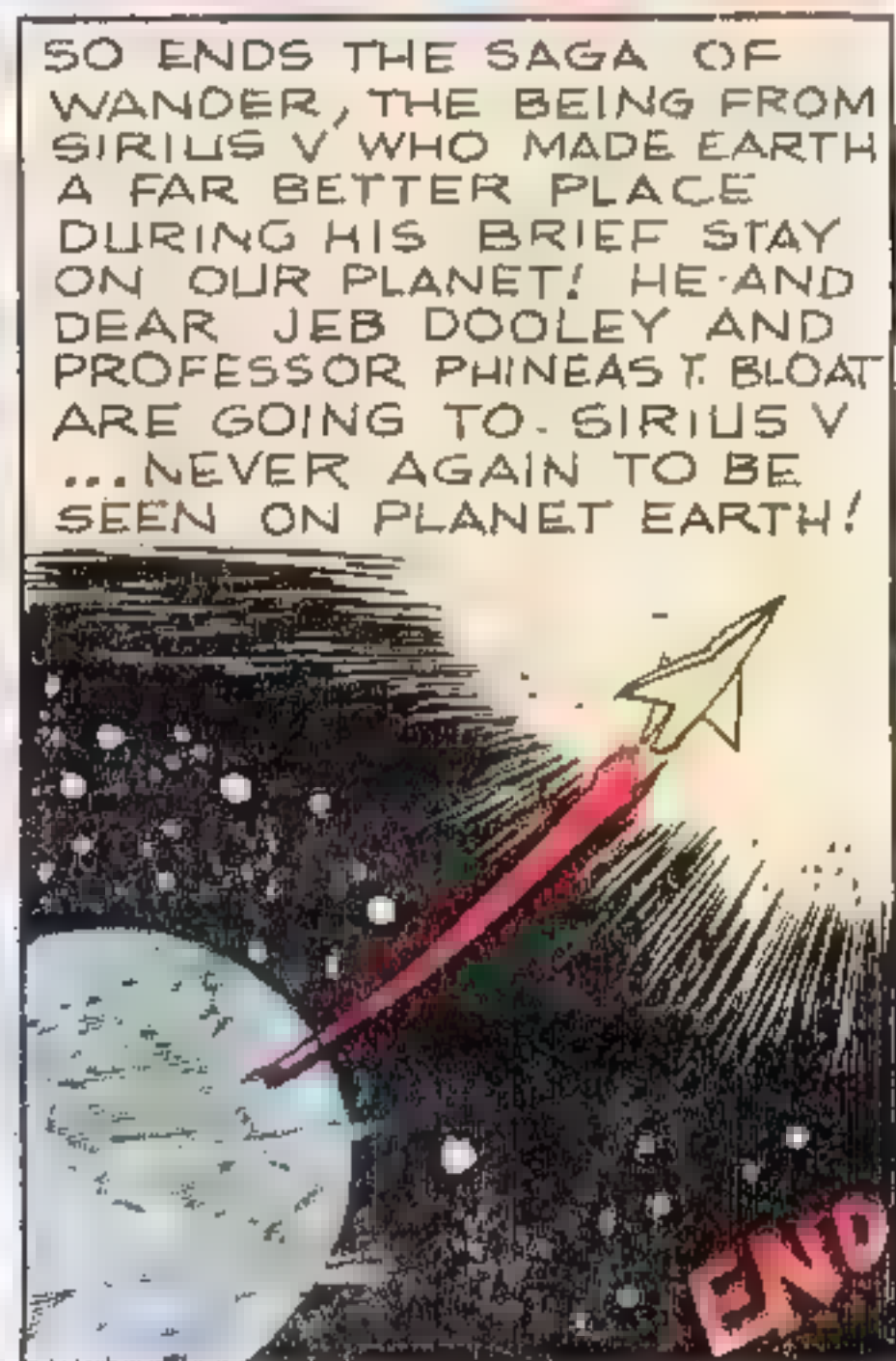
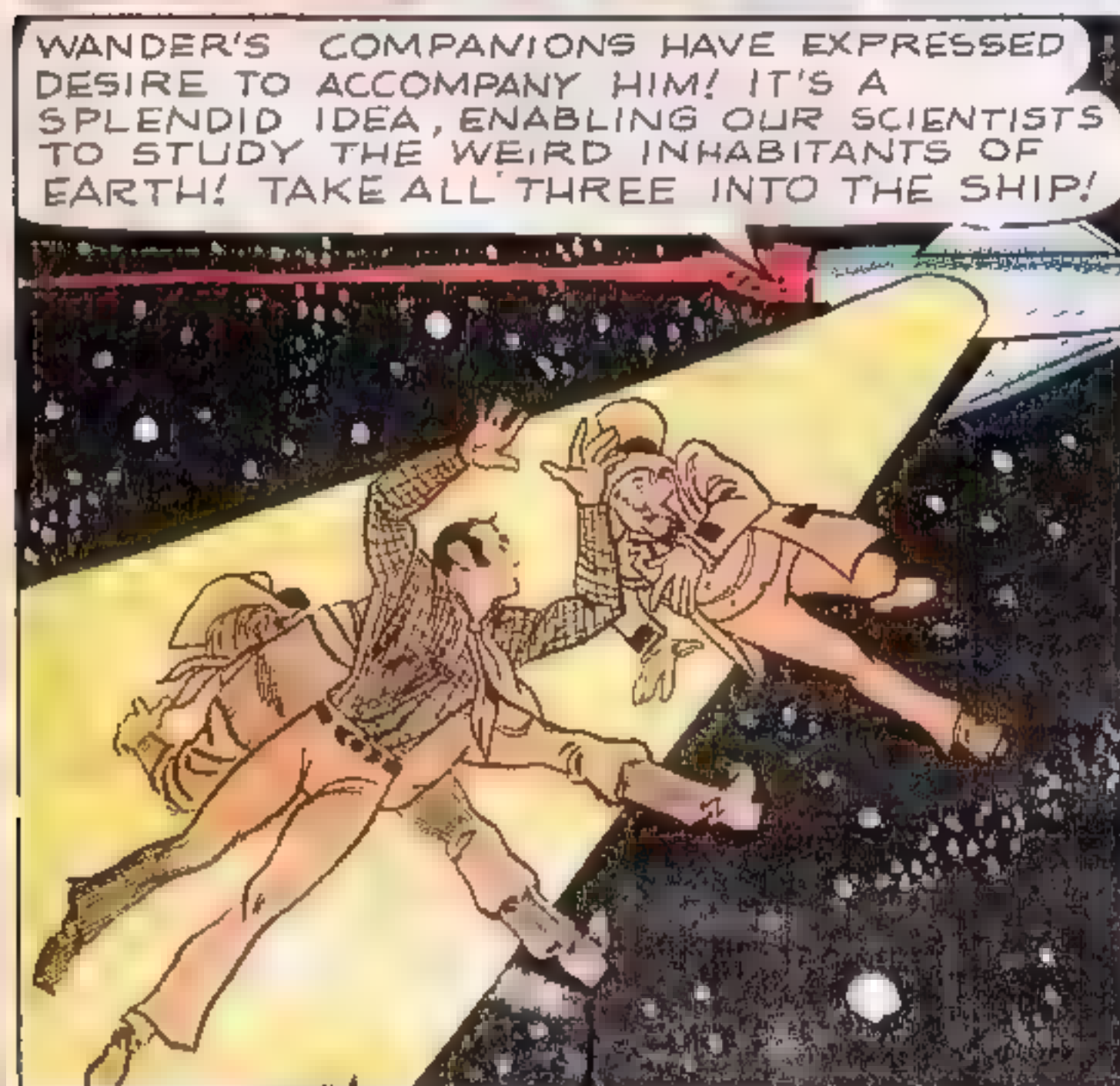
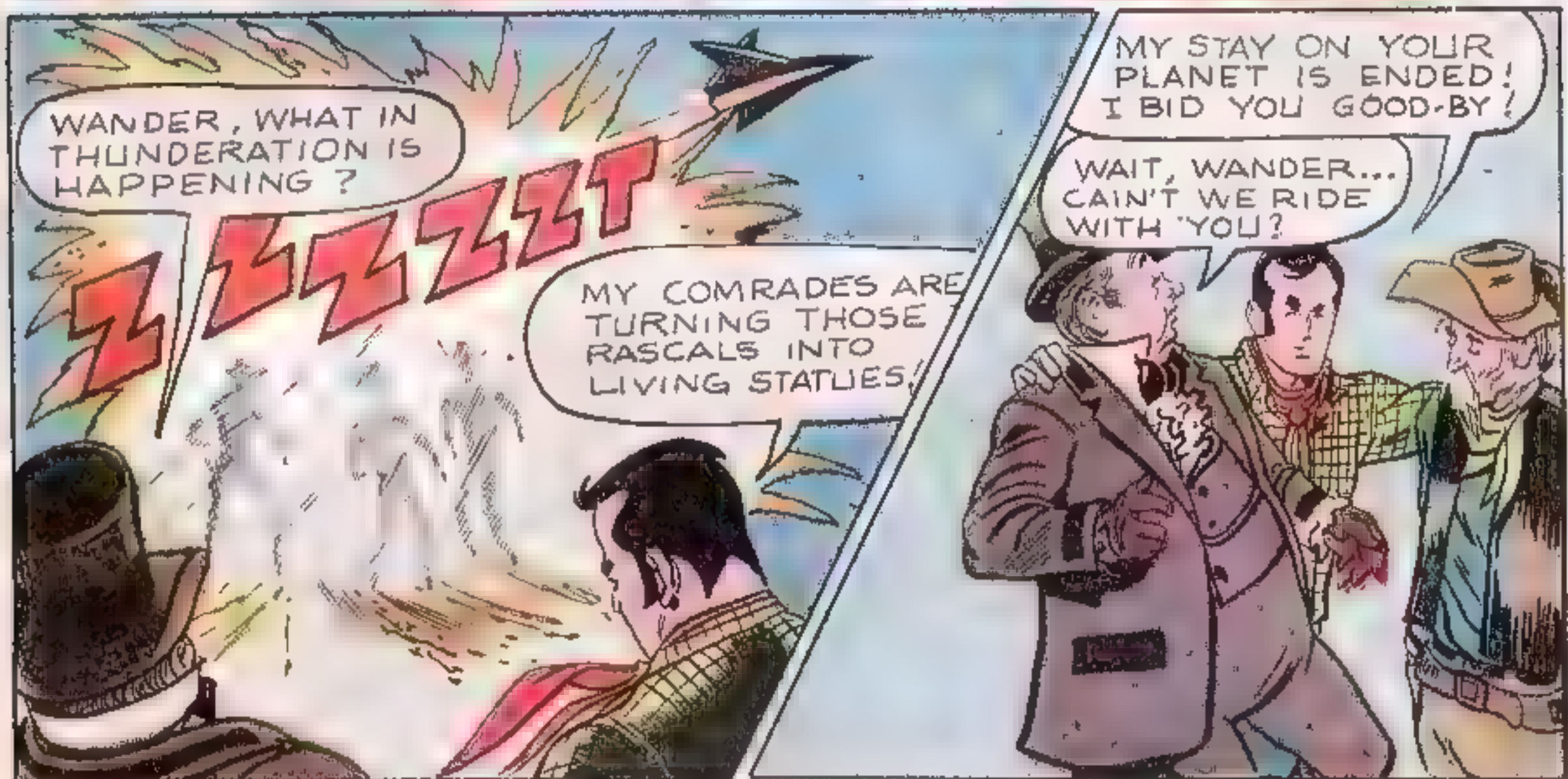
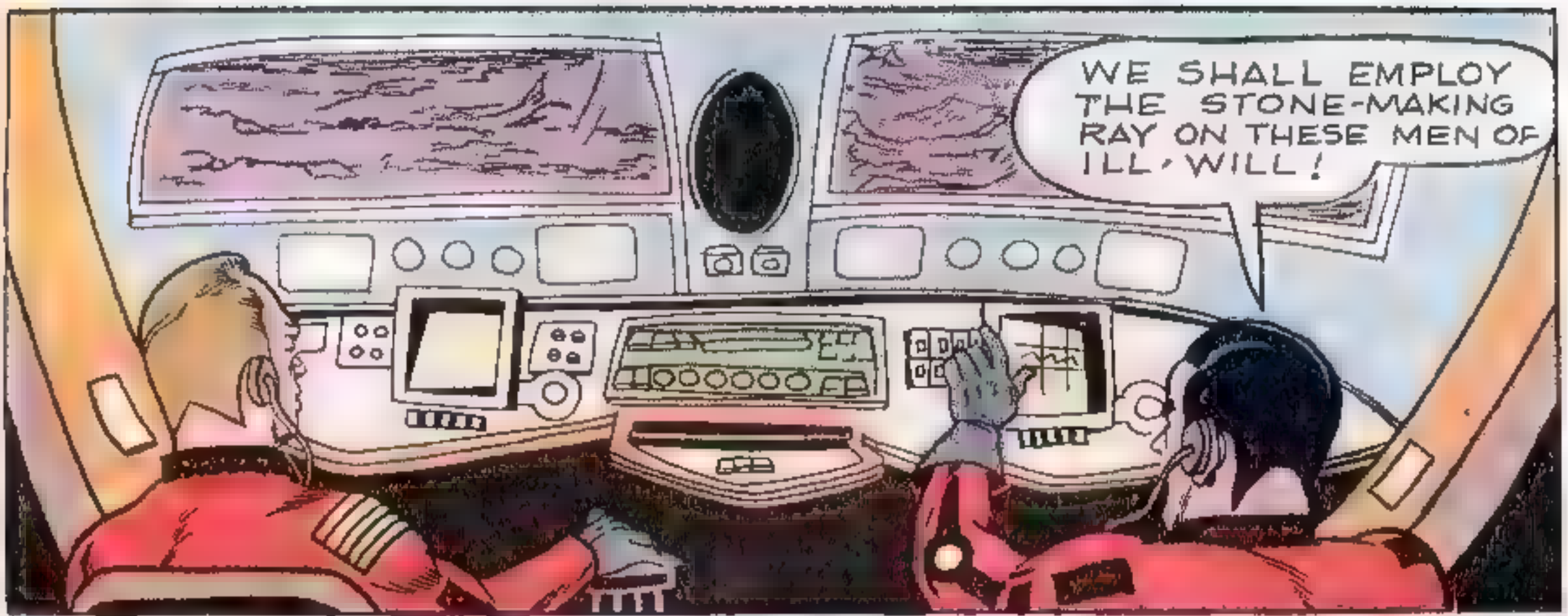
NOW,
BRAZOS!

ABANDON
THE COACH,
FRIENDS!



I RECKON HE
MEANS JUMP!





Tenderfoot Sheriff



On July 9, 1876, John Lind got off the stage at its terminal stop in Meadowsville. He had only three dollars left in his wallet. In addition to the satchel with his clothes, he carried his small sample case. In his coat pocket was a crumpled telegram telling him that the company for which he worked was bankrupt. And he could keep his samples. But he was hungry. Where would he find a job? He noticed some black bunting.

"Who died?" he asked.

"Sheriff Blanton," was the laconic reply a stranger gave him.

"Had a heart attack."

After asking directions on how to get to the sheriff's office, John Lind soon found himself facing a lone deputy. Whose name was Frank Bohens.

"If you can read and write a legible hand, then the job is yours," grinned the deputy.

"Never," was the reply. "But I will make a deal with you. You teach me the ropes. I will give you ten dollars each month of my salary."

A deputy gets half of the fine money. So you give me half of your half and you got yourself a deal."

In later years, John Lind gave the following explanation of the deal he made: "I figured that this would give Frank Bohens an incentive to see I remained alive." And he was correct!

This particular episode in his most unusual career as a lawman took place about two years after he had his badge pinned onto his shirt. By this time, most of the people had learned he was capable of handling any situation-but in his own peculiar way. He was sitting in his office when one of the townspeople rushed in with the news.

"Bob Reller is back in town. In fact he has taken the town over. He has about thirty armed men with him, and from over the border, I would say, he's back for his revenge. And I hope he gets it."

As the man left the office, a youth-but looking much older than his years, entered. He wore two guns on his belt.

"I am Bob Reller," he announced. "They tell me you are sort of new here. So just don't interfere and you won't get hurt."

"Why should I interfere," was the unexpected reply. "I know everything that happened. You fell in love with Mary Andrews, daughter of Jim Andrews who owns the KLM ranch. You married her. When he found out, he had you flogged and ran you out of town. Now you learned you have a little son. You want him? Of course I will help you. General Nogales is a friend of mine. Wrote me how you found part of Maximilian's hidden treasure chest. You were honest. Turned it over to the authorities. Got a big reward. And you came up with some of the money to help you. Captain Mendez is their leader."

The youth was taken aback by the fact that all this was known to the deputy. Who having the advantage of surprise continued.

"Let's ride out to the ranch. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if your wife is waiting for you."

An hour's ride brought the group to the ranch. Mary was waiting for her husband. She embraced him and took him into the living room. There in a cradle was their son.

"He looks just like you," she smiled. "Has your nose and eyes."

Whatever thoughts of revenge had burned deep in his heart were now leaving.

"Father realized what a terrible thing he had done," she explained. "He sent me looking all over for you. Later he was hurt in an accident. He is paralyzed and can't move. He is up in his room waiting for you."

"Later," he said. "I just want to watch our son and wait till he awakes."

"You should know that father deeded the ranch to me as a wedding present," said his wife. "So here is where you belong and here is where you stay."

Before sunset, John Lind spoke to Captain Mendez and told him the news.

"All is well. You and your men stay here over night. You will be fed. Then return back tomorrow. Give my regards to the General."

.....

THE CLEAN-UP of RED-EYE FLATS!

EIGHT MILES EAST OF THE FORT WAS RED-EYE FLATS A TOWN WITH TEN BUILDINGS,
SEVEN OF THEM SALOONS AND GAMBLING DENS!
SOLDIERS FROM THE FORT HEADED HERE EVERY PAYDAY.... WHERE THEY WERE
HALF-POISONED WITH BAD FOOD AND DRINK....
AND CHEATED OF THEIR PAY IN THE CROOKED GAMES!

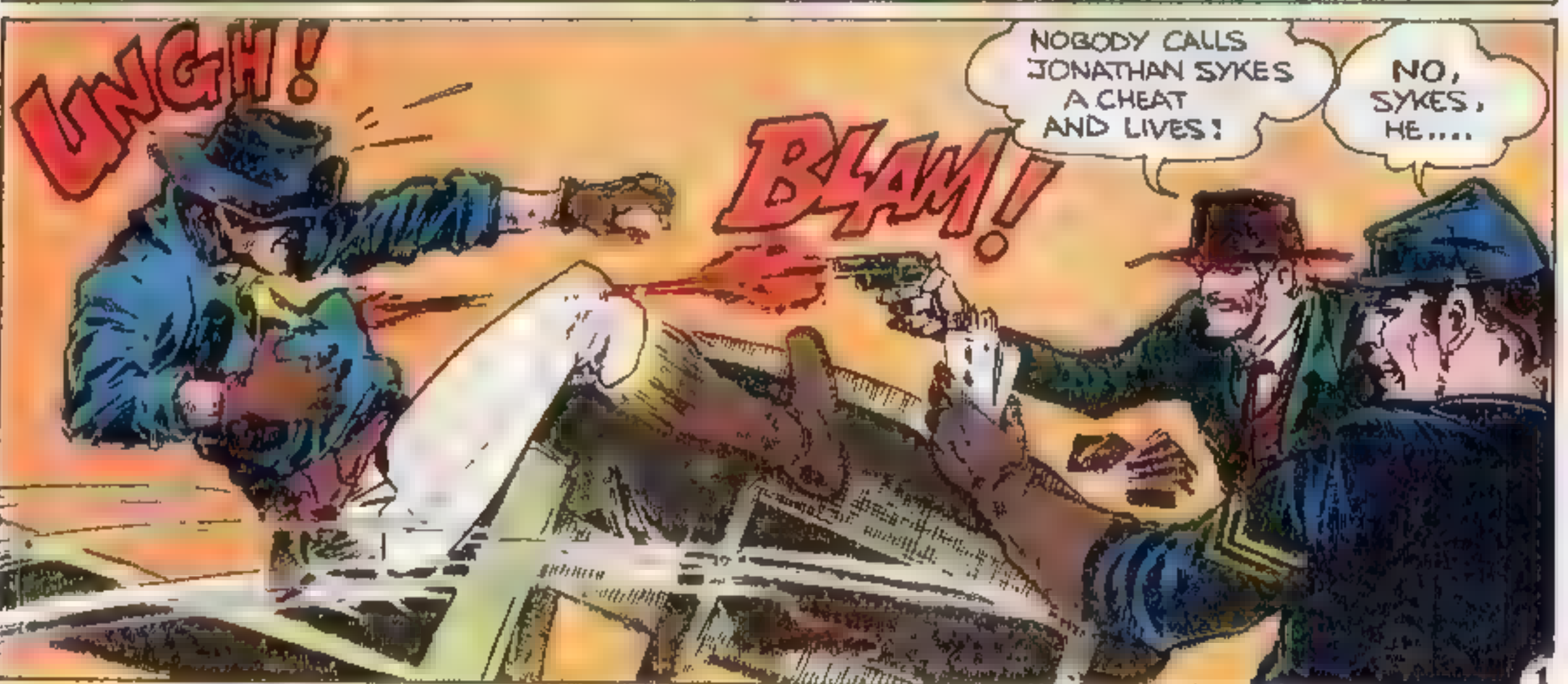
THE CHEYENNE KID DECIDED TO HAVE A LOOK AT RED-EYE
AND TRY HIS LUCK AGAINST THE CROOKEDEST AND DEADLIEST OF THE
GAMBLERS ONE-SHOT SYKES!
CHEYENNE LEARNED TOO WHY SYKES WAS CALLED ONE-SHOT!

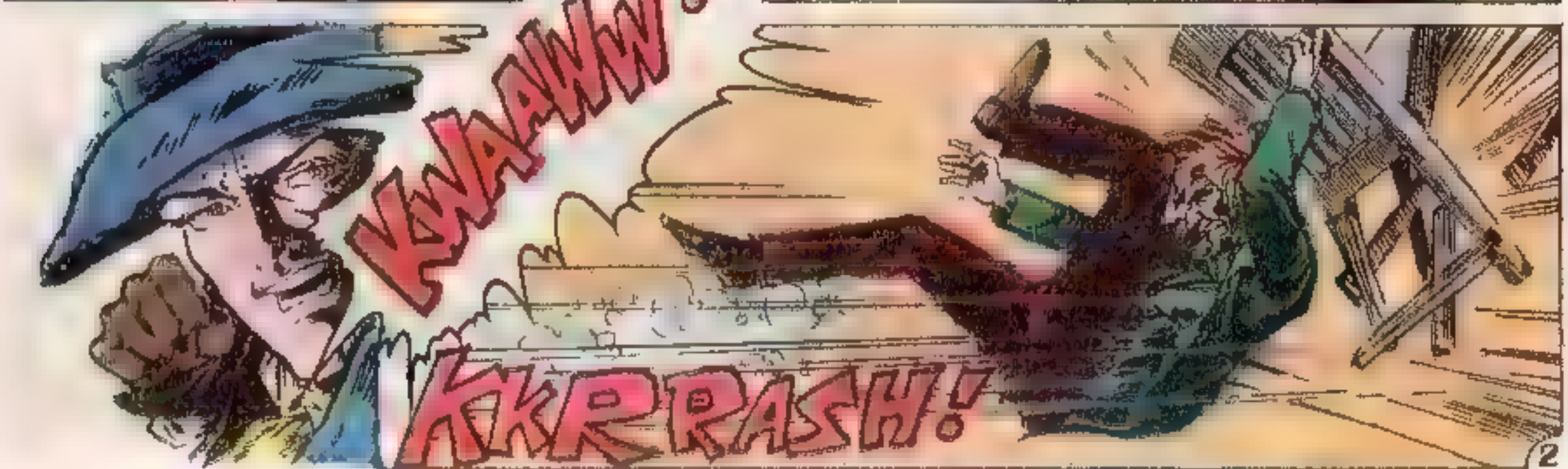
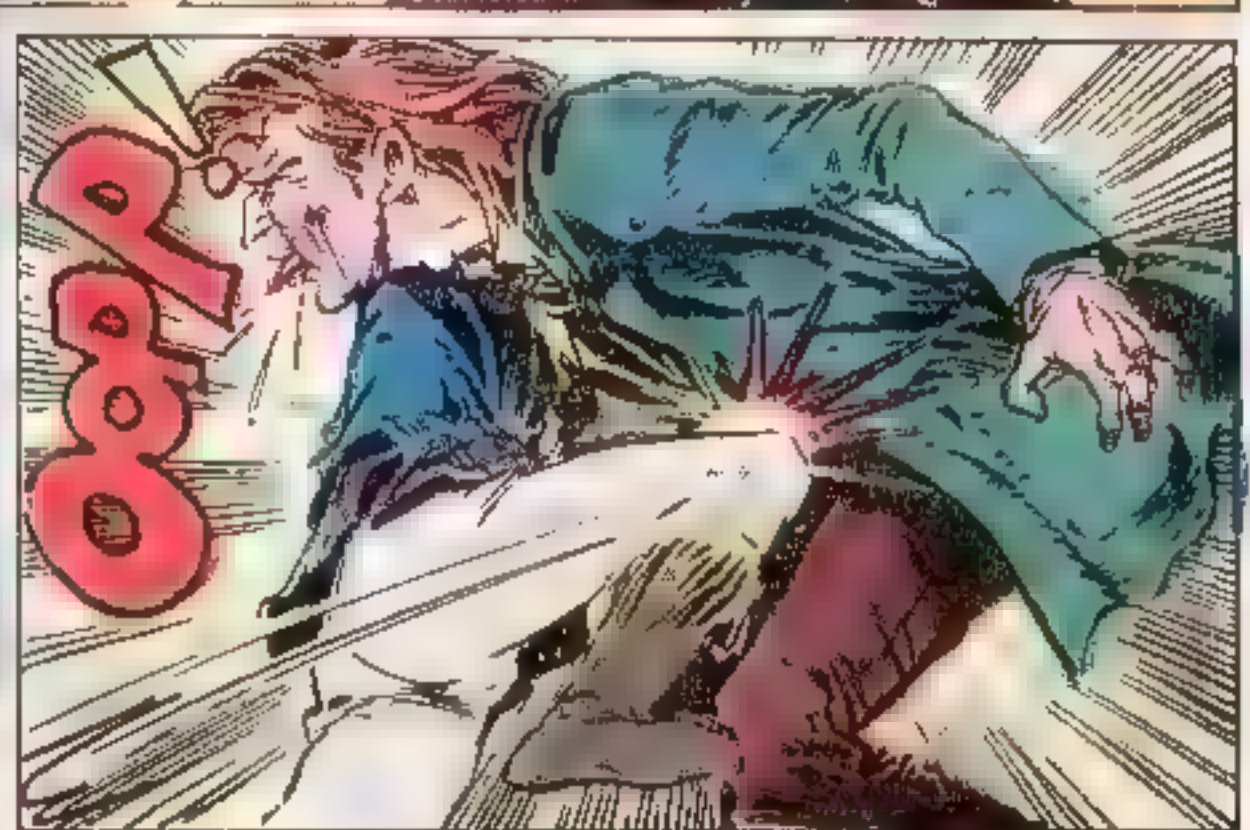
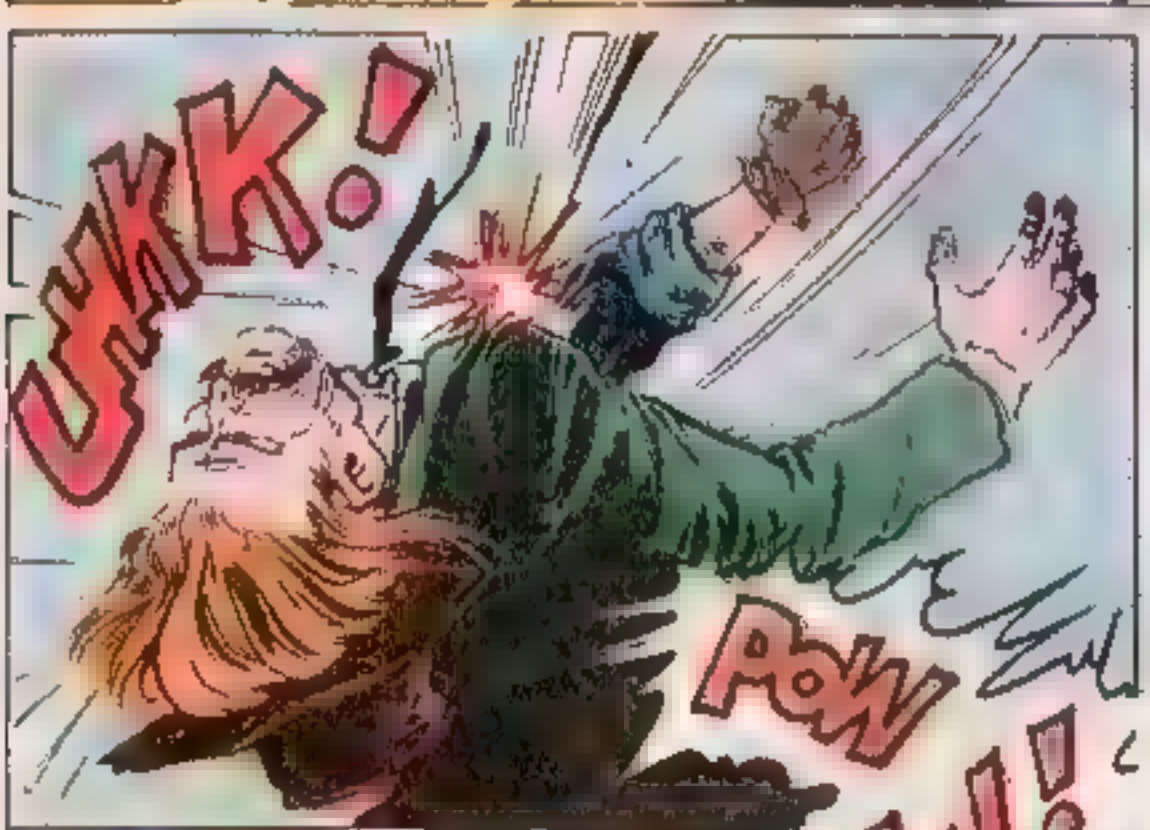
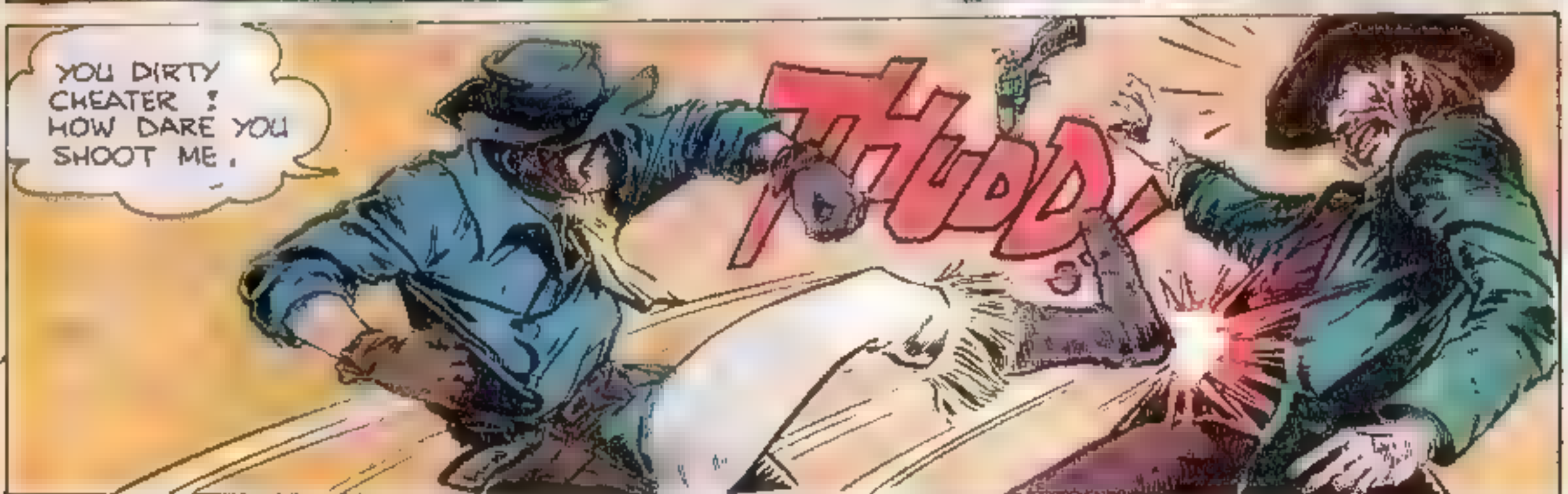


STORY : JOE GILL

EDITOR : SAL GENTILE

ART : SAN HO KIM .





CHEYENNE :
ARE Y-YOU
GOING TO
KILL
POOR
JOHNNY ?

IF I DO ,
FELLA. DON'T
TRY TO
STOP ME !

NEXT TIME,
YOU FOOLS , DON'T
SHOOT ME WITH A
LITTLE POPGUN LIKE TOY!
THAT CAN'T KILL ME .

SYKES SHOT
THE ARMY SCOUT
WITH A .50 CALIBER
DERRINGER
AND
HE DIDN'T MISS !
BUT
CHEYENNE KID IS
STILL ALIVE !

I DON'T UNDER-
STAND THIS ...
I CAN SEE
A BULLET HOLE
IN HIS SHIRT.

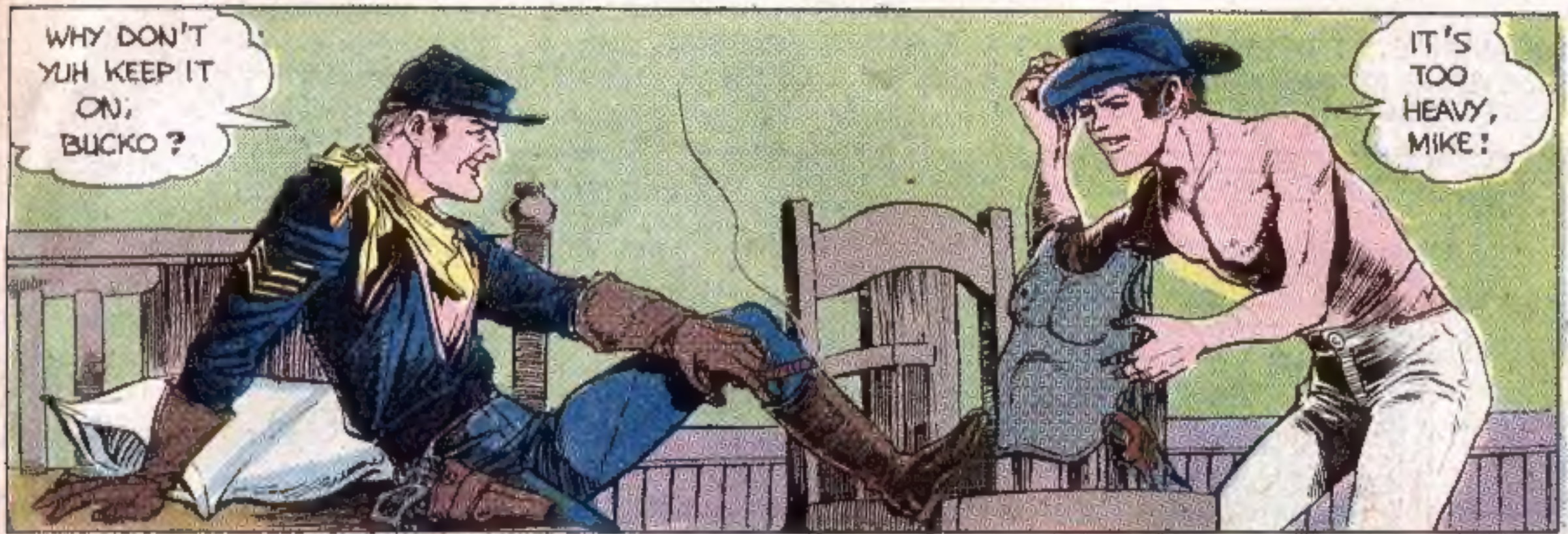
HMMM ?

IF, WE LET
THIS RENEGADE GET
AWAY WITH THIS ,
ALL THE OTHER SUCKERS
WILL GET IDEAS !
TELL MOSES LONG
I WANT HIM !

UPSTAIRS OVER THE SALOON,
IN A SHABBY ROOM HE'D RENTED,
THE CHEYENNE KID UNBUTTONED
HIS SHIRT AND

SO THAT'S WHY
SYKES' BULLET DIDN'T
STOP YER CLOCK, CHEYENNE!
WHERE DID
THAT COME FROM?

THE COMPANY BLACKSMITH
MADE IT FOR ME LAST WEEK !
WHEN THAT SLUG HIT ME
IN THE CHEST, I THOUGHT
IT WENT THROUGH THE
IRON FOR A MINUTE !
SYKES THOUGHT
I WAS DONE FOR !



WHY DON'T
YUH KEEP IT
ON,
BUCKO?

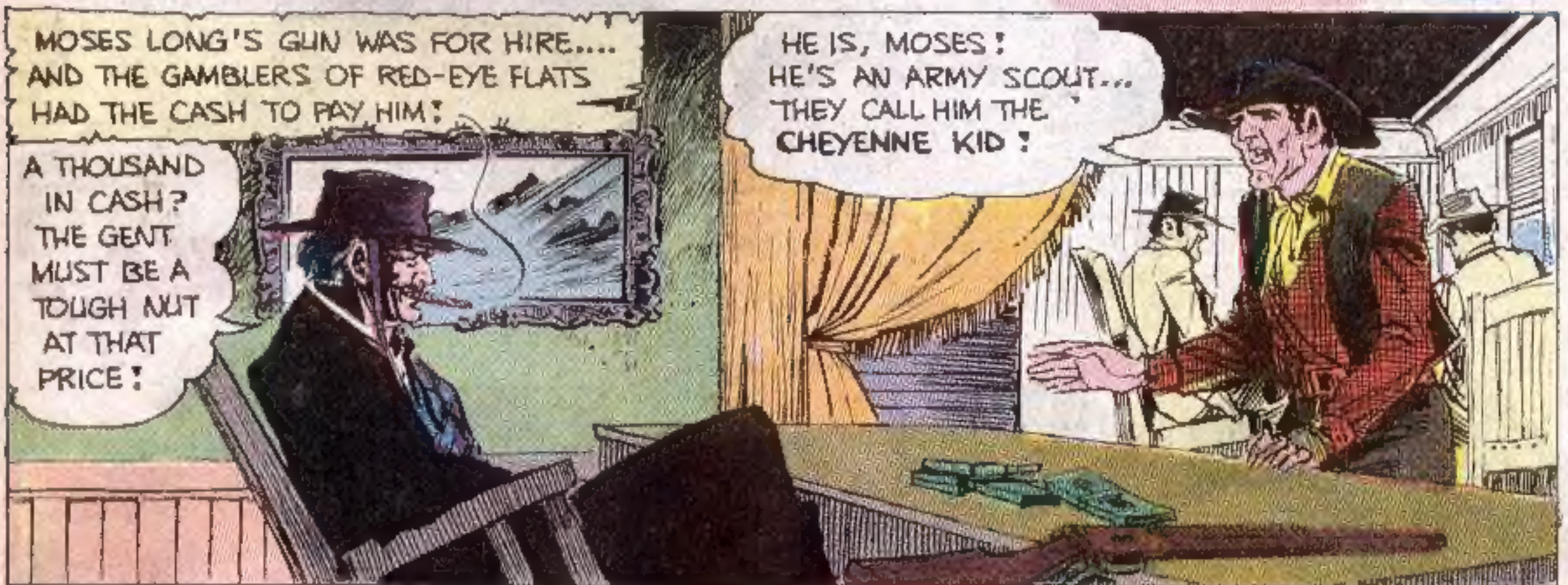
IT'S
TOO
HEAVY,
MIKE!



EVERY GUNSLINGER
IN THE TERRITORY WILL
HEAR HOW I WAS
SHOT IN THE CHEST
AND DIDN'T DIE,
MIKE....



.... AND EVERY GUNSLINGER TRIES TO GET
THE FIRST SLUG INTO THE BODY! THE
BODY ARMOR STILL GIVES ME AN EDGE...
EVEN WHEN I'M NOT WEARIN' IT!



MOSES LONG'S GUN WAS FOR HIRE....
AND THE GAMBLERS OF RED-EYE FLATS
HAD THE CASH TO PAY HIM!

A THOUSAND
IN CASH?
THE GENT
MUST BE A
TOUGH NUT
AT THAT
PRICE!

HE IS, MOSES!
HE'S AN ARMY SCOUT...
THEY CALL HIM THE
CHEYENNE KID!



ONE-SHOT SYKES HIT
HIM PLUMB CENTER WITH A
.50 CALIBER SLUG!
THIS GENT WASN'T
EVEN
SCRATCHED!

UH HUH!
WHICH MEANS
HE'S WEARIN'
STEEL
UNDER HIS SHIRT!
OKAY....
I'LL TAKE HIM
ANYHOW!

MEANWHILE, AT THE FORT, THE TROOPERS HAD HEARD ABOUT THE CHEYENNE KID AND ONE-SHOT SYKES! ABOUT A DOZEN OF THE BEST GOT PERMISSION TO COME TO TOWN.....



HOWDY, EZRA!
ALABAM',
WHAT ARE YOU
DOIN'
HERE?

WE HEARD
YUH HAD A ROOKUS,
CHEYENNE!
WE THOUGHT WE'D ASK
YUH TUH LET US HAVE
SOME FUN TOO!



SEE HIM, EZRA? HE FUM-FLAMMED ED KAZNOCKI
OUT OF A MONTH'S PAY! NOW, ED CAN'T SEND
MONEY TO HIS FAMILY IN EUROPE TO COME
OVER HERE!



HEY....!
WHAT 'RE YUH
DOING, SOLDIER!
I DON'T WANT
ANY TROUBLE WITH
YOU!

ED SHOULDA
HAD MORE
SENSE THAN TUH
GAMBLE
WITH A
SLICKER....



WATCH IT, EZRA...
HE'S
GOIN' FOR
HIS
IRON!

... BUT YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE CHEATED
A TROOPER, FRIEND!

UHG!

THUDD!

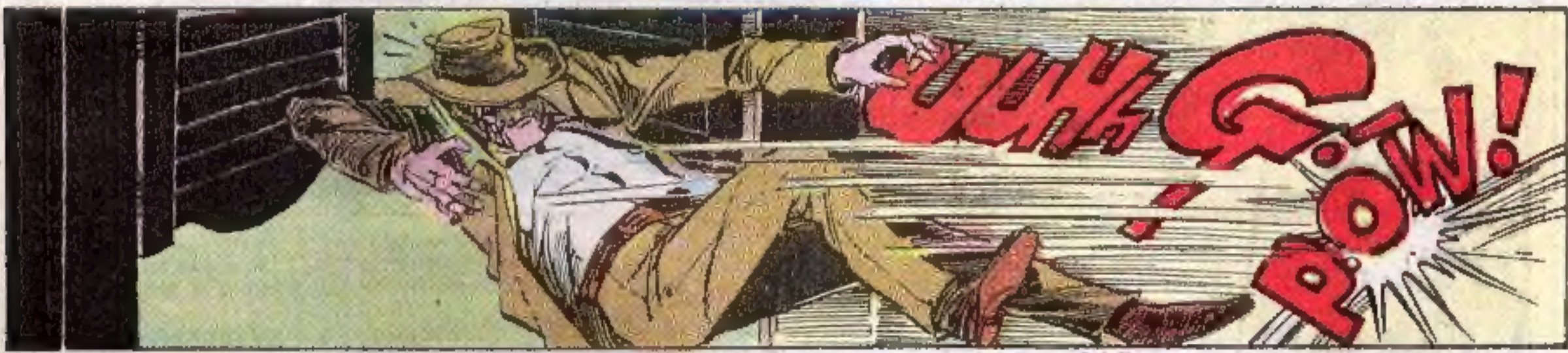




LAY OFF, SOLDIER BOY!

YUH WANT TROUBLE, FRIEND....

CRACK! OOOFF!



POW!



THAT BLASTED CHEYENNE RENEGADE WRECKED RED-EYE FLATS!

WITH THE CHEYENNE KID'S GUNS, READY TO BACK THEIR PLAY, THE BOYS FROM THE FORT MADE THE ROUNDS! IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE GAMBLERS TO GET THE WORD....



HUM!



I'VE G-GOT A MESSAGE FOR YOU, S-SIR!

SPIT IT OUT, MACK!

A GENT NAMED MOSES LONG IS WAITIN' OUTSIDE FOR YUH! HE SEZ HE'S GONNA SHOOT YUH DOWN LIKE A DIRTY DAWG, SIR!

THIS WAS A
SERIOUS CHALLENGE!
MOSES LONG
WAS A
FEARED NAME ON
THE WESTERN
FRONTIER!
THE CHEYENNE KID
KNEW HIS GUN
WAS FOR HIRE...
HE KNEW
MOSES LONG
WOULDN'T FIGHT
FAIR
IF HE HAD A
CHOICE!

I'LL WAIT FIFTEEN
MINUTES! YOU THREE
SCATTER...TRY TUH
FIND WHERE THIS GUY
HAS HIS BACK-UP
GUNS STAKED OUT!



YUH WAITED LONG
ENOUGH, YELLABELLY!
COME ON OUT IN
THE STREET WHERE
EVERYBODY IN
RED-EYE FLATS
CAN WATCH YUH
DIE!

I'M COMIN',
FELLA!
WE'LL
SHOOT AT
THE COUNT
O' THREE!



THE
CHEYENNE KID
STEPPED OFF
THE PORCH AS
HE SAID IT....
AND MOSES
LONG WENT
FOR HIS GUN,
HOPING TO
CATCH THE
CHEYENNE
KID
OFF
GUARD!

YUH WON'T
LAUGH OFF A
SLUG IN THE
HEAD,
WISE GUY!

HE'S
FAST....



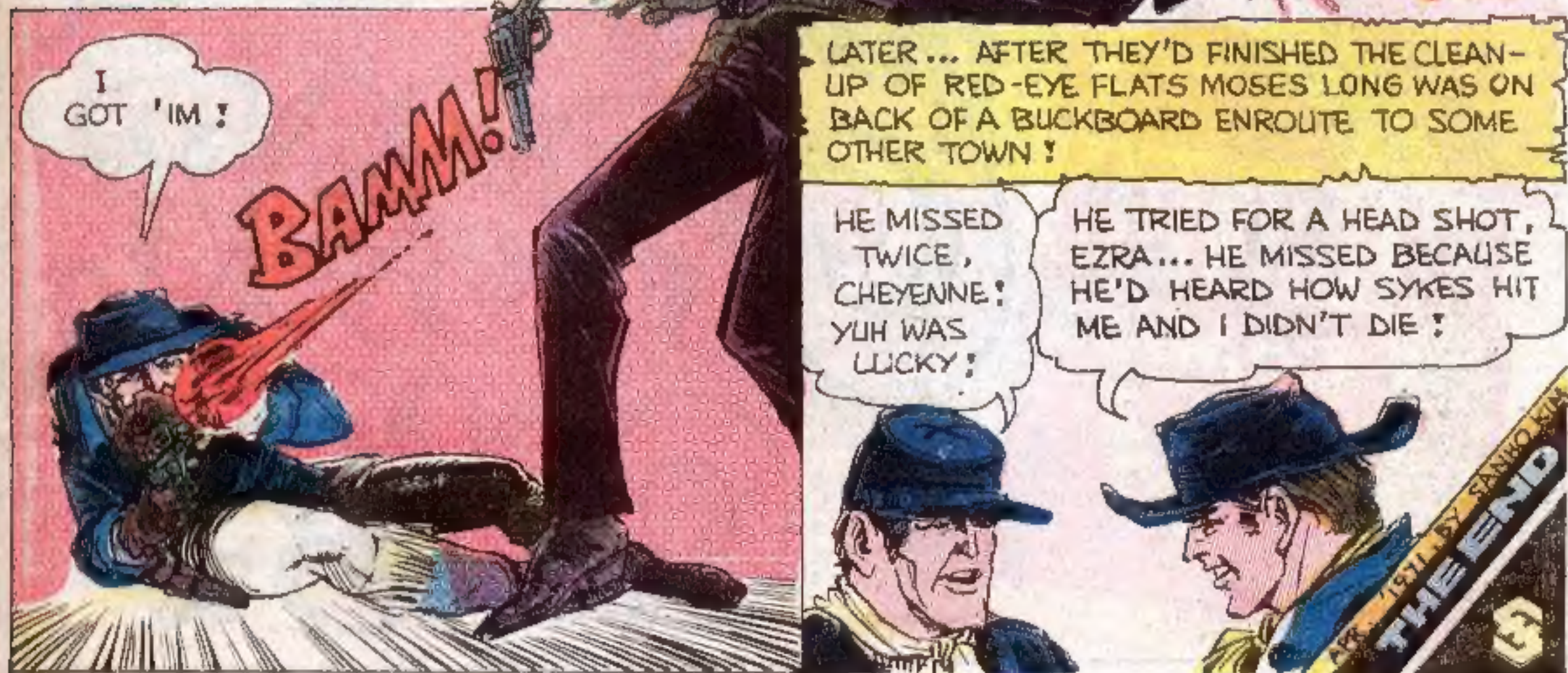
I
GOT 'IM!

BAMM!

LATER... AFTER THEY'D FINISHED THE CLEAN-
UP OF RED-EYE FLATS MOSES LONG WAS ON
BACK OF A BUCKBOARD ENROUTE TO SOME
OTHER TOWN!

HE MISSED
TWICE,
CHEYENNE!
YUH WAS
LUCKY!

HE TRIED FOR A HEAD SHOT,
EZRA... HE MISSED BECAUSE
HE'D HEARD HOW SYKES HIT
ME AND I DIDN'T DIE!



THE END